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No. 37281

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1959.

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Comment Of The Day

EMPHATIC NO

HONGKONG textile manufacturers will not be misled by the disarming comments of Mr. Henry Kearn, US Assistant Secretary of Commerce who arrived yesterday for discussions on our exports to the United States. The sinister purpose of the visit is well understood and the Colony's answer must be clear and emphatic: No voluntary restrictions of any kind. To concede limitations to Britain as a grudging favour to the mother country, is one thing. To yield to pressure from America would leave the Colony defenceless to resist the demands that will inevitably come from other countries.

THEIR justification for seeking Hongkong restrictions is based on the fact that Japan has already been persuaded to accept them. Protection of the home industry is of course the prime consideration but we also have a local industry to protect and we must ensure that the development of its export capacity is not impeded. We cannot complain that America has not in the past been considerate of our difficulties and that it has mitigated its regulations to admit many of our products that would otherwise be excluded. We appreciate this action, but common sense—not special favour—dictated it.

WE are big buyers from America and sell much less in return. The bitterest reflection for Hongkong is that a country so wealthy in many respects as America should have to ask a city so relatively poor and small as ours for favours to maintain their high standard of living. This talk of "giving consideration to each other's problems" is all very well, but the unpleasant implication is that we should make the sacrifices while our own problems are ignored. Based on relative poverty and hardship, Hongkong's case is strong enough to justify a most emphatic refusal to any plea for restrictions.

THREE-POWER CONFERENCE ON CYPRUS NEXT WEEK MAKARIOS GOING TO UK

Turkish-Cypriot Leader Also Invited

London, Feb. 13. Archbishop Makarios and Dr Fadil Kutchuk, leaders of the Greek-Cypriot and Turkish-Cypriot communities, have been invited to attend a three-power conference on the future of Cyprus here next Tuesday and Wednesday.

This was officially disclosed tonight following a three and a half hour private meeting here of the British, Greek and Turkish Foreign Ministers and Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Britain's Mediterranean island colony.

A usually well informed source said that the Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers, Mr Constantine Karamanlis and Mr Adnan Menderes, might attend the three-power conference.

The Basis

A British Foreign Office spokesman said that the Turkish-Greek Zurich agreement for an independent republic in Cyprus had formed the basis for tonight's talks at the Foreign Office.

The spokesman declined to state whether this would form the basis for the tripartite conference on Tuesday.

Turkish sources said jubilantly tonight, "It's practically over."

They said agreement in principle had been reached on giving Britain adequate sovereignty over her military bases on the island.

Communists

They would not disclose details.

These sources also said it had been agreed that an independent Cyprus would outlaw the Communist party, just as Greece and Turkey have done.

Mr Zorh said that he and Mr Averoff would see Mr Lloyd again on Monday.

The two Foreign Ministers left the foreign office together. Archbishop Makarios will leave for London on Sunday sources close to the spiritual leader said in Athens. — All Agencies.

Monster Hunt In France

Paris, Feb. 13. The authorities of the Haute Loire Department organised a hunt today for a monstrous beast which has left deep and huge footprints and uttered bizarre and frightening cries in a lonely area of the mountains of central France.

Several persons have heard the cries which were unlike that of any animal common to the region and dogs have turned in terror at the beast's approach.

Farmers have barricaded themselves inside their houses.

Old timers recalled that the legendary beast of Gevaudan, celebrated in the 18th century song and poetry of the region, was later hunted down and killed, and turned out to be a giant lynx. — France-Press.

Hold-Up

Glasgow, Feb. 13. Friday pay-day bandits attacked a cabbie and his assistant in Glasgow today and escaped with a payroll of about £1,500. — China Mail Special.

Montgomery Was Too Busy

Blackpool, Feb. 13. Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who was criticised for saying he was too busy to open a Blackpool school named after him, has changed his mind and will attend an opening ceremony next October, the town's education committee announced yesterday.

The school opened last September but 71-year-old Lord Montgomery, a freeman of Blackpool, said he had no free days to visit it, even in 1959.

DISAPPOINTED

The school's 360 pupils were said to be bitterly disappointed and one angry town councillor even suggested changing the name.

But the chairman of the Education Committee, Councilor Jack Smythe, said yesterday, "The Field Marshal's letter settles everything very amicably and he can be assured of a very warm welcome when he arrives." — China Mail Special.

Lecture Tour

London, Feb. 13. Mr Hugh Galt, British opposition Labour leader, left London by air today for a two-day visit to Germany. He is to lecture to university students in Frankfurt and Heidelberg. — China Mail Special.

TODAY'S TIPS

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

High Noon
Silver Dahlia
French Bean
Outsider: Beat That

RACE 2

Splendid
Perfectibility
King Rider
Outsider: Tell-me-more

RACE 3

Bonny Boy
Fenchurch
Glory
Outsider: Esquire

RACE 4

King's Parchment
Welcome
Bonita
Outsider: Roman Hero.

RACE 5

Sea Raider
Corcoran Rouge
Eureka
Outsider: Gigha

RACE 6

Curtsey
Ding Dong
Million Bonus
Outsider: Possibility II

RACE 7

Encore
Cover Girl
L'arc Triomphe
Outsider: Beautiful Flower

RACE 8

Salmo
No Surprise
Balkan Monarch
Outsider: Glonola

"THE TURF" PROGRESSIVE DOUBLE WINNERS

Race 4—King's Parchment; Race 7—L'arc Triomphe.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

High Noon
Silver Dahlia
Outsider: Lucky Year

RACE 2

Splendid
Perfectibility
Tell-me-more
Outsider: Black Friday

RACE 3

National Delight
Bonny Boy
Esquire
Outsider: Rocky Bay

RACE 4

King's Parchment
Vanity Fair
Welcome
Outsider: Edinburgh

RACE 5

Sea Raider
Corcoran Rouge
Gigha
Outsider: Pasha

RACE 6

Ding Dong
Sunstruck
Million Bonus
Outsider: Forward View

RACE 7

L'arc Triomphe
Cover Girl
Co-ordination
Outsider: The Cherub

RACE 8

Salmo
Balkan Monarch
Carrie
Outsider: No Surprise

Columbus Didn't Discover New World He Says

London, Feb. 13. A Russian historian said today unknown European navigators beat Christopher Columbus to the new world and even charted the course which he followed, Radio Moscow reported.

A lecturer at the Alma Ata Pedagogical Institute said his research established that Columbus used navigation charts prepared by the unknown in organising his expedition, the broadcast said.

The lecturer was identified only as Supruny, a candidate of historical sciences. The Russian said his research was based on study of Portuguese, Spanish and Italian archives, maps, Italian chronicles of the 15th and 17th centuries and other documents, the Moscow broadcast said.

"Before his departure, Columbus handed to the captains of his ships secret instructions which they were only to open should the group of ships be scattered in the ocean by storms," the broadcast quoted the lecturer as saying.

"Fordham, the son of Columbus who wrote out these instructions, said that Columbus on setting forth knew about the presence of lands to be found 750 leagues (1,225 miles) away, to the west of the Canary Islands," the broadcast said.

"In those latitudes the new world is exactly that distance from the old world." — U.P.I.

Talks In U.S.

London, Feb. 13. Earl Attlee, former Labour Prime Minister, left London by air today for New York for a month's lecture tour of the United States.

He said at London Airport that he planned to talk on world government and the future of democracy starting his tour in Baltimore and ending it with a visit to New Orleans and the Middle West. — China Mail Special.

U.S. Warns Seoul

Don't Use Our Arms Against Japan

Washington, Feb. 13. United States officials said tonight that if South Korea uses United States-supplied arms against Japan this would contravene the conditions under which the arms were supplied.

In such an eventuality, the United States would have to take "appropriate action," these officials said.

But the State Department continued to express its hope that the current Japanese-South Korean tension would not degenerate into hostilities.

South Korea today ordered its Navy and Air Force to prevent Japan from shipping any of the 600,000 Koreans living in Japan to Communist North Korea.

Great Bulk

The State Department, in a statement tonight replying to questions, said that the great bulk of the arms in South Korea's possession had been supplied by the United States.

A spokesman said this agreement provided that the military equipment and materials were to be used by South Korea subject to the terms and conditions of the United States Mutual Security Act.

Apart from the arms question, the State Department spokesman also said that the South Korean Navy, Army and Air Force were all under the operational control of the United Nations command.

Since the United States has the most powerful voice in this command, there was considerable speculation here that it would act to prevent South Korea from using its forces in this dispute. — Reuter.

RADIOACTIVE ROCKETS

Lüneburg, Feb. 13. A German scientist suggested today that deadly radioactive waste could be disposed of easily by putting it aboard rockets and shooting them into orbit round the sun.

Professor M. Leobl, of the Rheinland-Westphalia Electrical Works, said nothing could be easier than shooting the waste into orbit where it could never return to earth. — France-Press.

STOWAWAYS CUT MANACLES IN BID FOR FREEDOM

Two Greek brothers, handcuffed aboard a British freighter as stowaways, cut their manacles with a hacksaw early today and made a dash for freedom.

One was captured four hours later with the broken handcuff still dangling on his wrist. But the other fled from a network of police cars and escaped.

The man captured managed to identify himself in broken French as John Dimopolous, 21. He said he lived at Piraeus, the seaport of Athens. He speaks no English.

The brothers were spotted by a dock guard as they fled from

the freighter SS Roland, which had docked Wednesday for minor repairs before sailing to Europe.

Eight patrol cars were pressed into the search and it was dawn before the two were spotted. When police closed in, the older brother, not immediately identified, managed to escape but John was captured.

He was unable to make officers understand where they boarded the British vessel, but

Houston, Feb. 13.

Immigration authorities ordered him returned to the ship to be taken back to Greece.

"We wanted to come to America, because there is no work in Greece," Dimopolous was able to explain in halting French. — U.P.I.

Execution Tally

Havana, Feb. 13. An unofficial tally kept by journalists today placed the number of executions of Cuban war criminals by the revolutionary forces since January 1 at 302.

The latest executions—five of them—took place yesterday at the La Cabana Fortress near Havana. — France-Press.

Mexico Visit

Washington, Feb. 13. The White House announced today that President Eisenhower will begin his trip to Mexico next Wednesday with an overnight stop on February 18 at a Strategic Air Command base near Austin, Texas. — U.P.I.

RAINY WEATHER AHEAD!

Order now on special "Advance Order Terms", for delivery when required. switch on your washday sun

with the Kenwood Sun-dry



LOCAL BANDLEADER TO THE RESCUE

By JOHN LUFF

A happy chance has put Nick Demuth, local English bandleader, into a big British film production now being made in the Colony.

"Ferry to Hongkong," demanded a brisk tune to accompany a generally increasing tempo, working up to a big fight scene.

The tune which suggested itself to the Director, Lewis Gilbert, was Strauss's "Trisch Trisch

Polka," but the Performing Rights Society made it difficult to obtain.

At the last minute, unable to clear the rights, Nick Demuth scored a catchy little tune which had been running through his head. "The Happy Polka," he gave it to his band

to play on the set at J. Arthur Rank's temporary studio at Deepwater Bay.

Within five minutes people were humming it.

The big news now is that "The Happy Polka" has been recorded on the soundtrack, and is on the way to London. If it takes Nick Demuth will be very happy too.



Hush-a-bye Baby, up in the sky

You're in Air-India—do you know why?

Because it's the comfiest, scrumptious way

To travel to Paris, Rome and Bombay

AIR-INDIA

The discriminating always choose Boord's.

London Gin...

and to be sure of Boord's look for the Cat and Barrel on the label—the Gin that has been popular in Hongkong for generations.

CORDIAL OLD TOM • FINEST DRY GIN



BOORD'S

KING'S PRINCESS
2ND BIG WEEK

MORE THAN GREAT COMEDY HERE'S GREAT ENTERTAINMENT

JERRY LEWIS

THE GEISHA BOY

Produced by JERRY LEWIS
Directed by FRANK TASHLIN

Starring MARIE McDONALD, SESSUE HAYAKAWA, YOSHIKAZU YAMAGUCHI

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KING'S
MORNING SHOW
TO-MORROW
AT 11 A.M.

Paramount Technicolor Cartoons
At Reduced Prices \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS

TO-DAY AT 11.00 A.M. "A VARIETY PROGRAMME OF U-I & Paramount CARTOONS"

TO-DAY AT 12.30 P.M. Norman Wisdom in "JUST MY LUCK"

TO-MORROW AT 11.00 A.M. M-G-M Presents Tom & Jerry TECHNICOLOR Cartoons in CinemaScope

TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M. Gary Cooper & Audrey Hepburn in "LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON"

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★

Owing to length of picture please note SPECIAL times:

4 SHOWS DAILY

AT 12.00 NOON, 3.00, 5.00 & 9.00 P.M.

NO GREATER LOVE STORY WAS EVER FILMED OF COURAGE AND DEVOTION!

20th Century Fox
Ingrid Bergman, Curt Jurgens, Robert Donat

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS

Directed by MARK ROBSON
Screenplay by ISOBEL LEWART

AT NORMAL PRICES!
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At 11.00 a.m. THREE STOOGES COMEDY & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

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tom thumb
the colorama!

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Directed by GEORGE PAL

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HOOVER & PARAMOUNT 12.00 NOON
Tel: 72571
Walt Disney's Cartoon
"PETER PAN"

Color Cartoons Feature
"GULLIVER'S TRAVEL"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

GLADYS Aylward, sometime servant girl, living in the prosaic suburb of Edmonton, North London, one day heard the voice of God calling her to missionary work in China.

Academically she was unqualified, but having an abundance of courage and determination, she saved her own fate and made her way to the mission field.

Arrived in a small village in a northern province, she joined up with an old lady who passed on the message of the Gospel from a wayside inn.

The old lady died, Gladys Aylward carried on, learned Chinese, became a Chinese citizen, the Japs came, bombed them out, so she led a hundred or so children across the hills to safety.

The great thing about "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" showing at the Roxy and Broadway is, it is taken from real life. Embellished of course, in CinemaScope and Colour, with interpolated incidents to offset the necessary box-office appeal.

But taking it all round, Mark Robson, who directs this film for Twentieth Century-Fox has scored because he has chosen a warm-hearted subject from real life.

Miss Bergman has been given a difficult role. She is a tall woman. Gladys Aylward in small. Miss Bergman speaks with a Swedish accent. Miss Aylward with an English accent, and a cockney one at that.

In spite of it all, Miss Bergman makes a grand job of the film. From those moments as a housemaid, scrumping to save her face, through the dire incidents of brutality so lacking in the cockneys, to the final triumph as a feminine Pled Piper.

Curt Jurgens, thanks to the script overcomes his difficulties. His role of a Eurasian officer in the Chinese Nationalist Army is an interpolation, but a good one as far as the film requires a romantic slant.

Sad it is to write that this is the last appearance of Robert Donat ever.

Frank when he took the part, alling as he played it, his portrayal of the Mandarin eventually converted to Christianity is a triumph of the spirit over the flesh.

Sometimes it has been given to those who have chosen the stage for their career to play themselves off with wonderful lines. Surely this is the case with Robert Donat.

The supporting cast is good all round, perhaps best is Athene Seyler. She puts everything into quite a small part as the missionary Miss Aylward joins, and she is convincing.

Liverpool, England, was somewhat emptied of its juvenile Chinese population when they all went to North Wales to play the march across the mountains scene.

It is evident that Mark Robson did not know what a winner he had in the infant school song, so finely orchestrated with background music.

A truly wonderful film, made sincerely, not pi, even humorous at times.

Another thing that puzzled me was, Miss Leigh, after months of captivity and an on before the advent of modern detergents, keeps her form fitting gown spotless. Also her character. On that account full marks to the Vikings who were both officers and gentlemen.

The Vikings, obviously uncomfortable in their wretched grotto hats and leather braces, could be a rough house gang in the Far West, or the Bowery with equal ease.

It is Kirk Douglas who summons up thoughts of Thor, Odin, and Valhalla. There is a sort of rough honesty in his performance. A sort of look in his eyes that is convincing. A sort of expression that he really believes that if he is hit over the head with one of these battle axes that weigh about a ton without the handle, he is straight off to the happy halls of endless boozing and fighting.

The Vikings, omitting its brass script, is a tremendously exciting film, with the genius of the camera, Jack Cardiff, taking the shots. It will enjoy immense success in Hongkong.

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS



Ingrid Bergman and Curt Jurgens in a scene from "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness."

Valhalla for the next week or so, opens today.

This film is a proud reminder, in a way, of progress we are making. I wondered why it was packing them in all over England and America, then it occurred to me that it supplies that inherent need of calisthenics which is necessary to our modern sedentary life, when all we need do is to press a button and blow a million or two of people the other side of the world, to blazes.

Not that the Vikings were more civilised than we. But they were individuals, there was no mass movement about them.

Once the gong sounded, every man jumped into the ring, and the devil take the hindmost.

In case you've forgotten your history, this is what happened. The Vikings, becoming a bit fed up with hanging around at home used to club together, and then think up an excuse for leaving home.

The excuse was the Kingdom of England where one, Alfred, ruled, while he was not watching cakes cooking.

As the film has it, Ernest Borgnine leads the Viking warriors on this occasion, during which the King of Northumbria is slain, and his wife is raped.

The result of this is Tony Curtis. He eventually becomes a slave in his father's land, but his father is unaware of the fact that Eric Tony Curtis is his son.

This is now so complicated that I intend you to work it out for yourself. Apart from the cuts over the head with Technicolor gore axes, and hands lopped off during the fight, the most unkind cut of them all is when ample bodomed Janet Leigh, playing a British Princess, is described as "an old crow with all the bones sticking out." I considered Ernest Borgnine both inexact and ungentlemanly for that remark.

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original after so many stereotyped Hollywood campus girls. Gillian Vaughan you know; she is in "The Horse's Mouth." Ronald Lewis comes up beautifully as the leader of the exclusive Dodo Club. If you get what I mean, so English.

The film was made at Cambridge, lovely shots, misty and so nostalgic. The high spots are the rug on Magdalen Bridge and the invasion of the Giron College bathrooms.

The indoor shots were made at Benconfield, and the film, comes in Big Screen and Eastman Colour.

THE big local film news this week is that the J. Arthur Rank picture, "Ferry to Hongkong" is winding up. Most of the cast and staff fly off to England on Monday morning.

They have achieved filmland's impossible. The picture is right up to schedule in spite of the fact that they have erected a studio at Deep Water Bay, built sets, hired a local band for background music, and done the thousand and one other jobs associated with a major production.

Rank's production manager, John Dark, is full of praise for the Chinese workmen who have made this possible. "Where in the world," he asks, "could you get a studio erected in four weeks?"

Nowhere I know, and when you see it with its complicated wiring system, its own power unit, the huge cameras and sound equipment moving about on a stage, you realise what a great job Hongkong ingenuity can achieve.

They tell me "Ferry to Hongkong" makes a wonderful picture. Then again, it is only right that the film potential of this Colony should have been realised by the major British Company.

Certainly all three stars seem quite happy and full of praise for the way the film has gone. You would have expected them to be a bit jaded after twelve hours work every day, week in, week out, but not. They seem as full of beans as ever.

London news. Producer-director Alfred Hitchcock and Herbert Coleman, his associate producer have been around doing exploratory work on a suspense story, "No Ball for the Judge."

Perhaps you saw a picture earlier this week, taken by a news photographer of Alfred Hitchcock walking grimly past the Old Bailey.

It's a sort of bitter bit story, of a High Court London Judge who is charged with murder. With the usual Hitchcock suspense.

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HARDY KRUGER
SYLVIA SYMS
RONALD LEWIS

— ERIC BARKER — MICHAEL MALLESON

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Peter Chen Ho Chiao Hung

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* Sensational!
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BRING YOUR KIDNIES!

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DAILY
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DRINKS, FOOD, DANCING.

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Real 'Elixir Of Youth' Found?

Man's Body Holds Secret To Mystery

London. MAN may possess within him an "elixir of youth" capable of restraining the ravage of time, according to a letter in the British scientific weekly, Nature.

Vicar 'Buries' Church's Ghost No. 2, But No. 1 Remains

Torquay. THE Rev Anthony Rouse, Vicar of the "haunted church," revealed that he has "buried" the church's second ghost.

The church—St John's—has had to contend with the first ghost since 1863. It is the ghost of an organist, who comes back in the middle of the night to play some of the old hymns.

Unnerving

It's particularly unnerving when anybody in the church goes a look at the empty organist's seat.

Reverend Rouse says the organist is "a friendly ghost." But, he said, he discovered a second ghost—"this one not so friendly."

Rouse said that when on the top floor of the vicarage, "I had the feeling of the most frightful frustration and despondency and experienced slight spells of giddiness." He said he let this go on until he discovered the present organist had the same feeling.

"I was so worried that I decided something had to be done."

Rouse said that shortly before Christmas he went to a medium in London.

Gassed Self

"She told me 'there's a man who earned his living by his hands playing an instrument, who gassed himself. He was the organist at a church. He did not have a funeral he felt he should have had, considering what he had tried to do for music at this church. Will you try and get someone... to go to this man's grave, sprinkle it with holy water and say some prayers.'"

Rouse said that he checked back and found that in September, 1933—six months before he became Vicar of St John's—a Francis Crute had gassed himself. Crute, he discovered, was the church's organist.

"I contacted my bishop on New Year's eve, got his approval and on New Year's Day... went to the local cemetery."

"There," explained Rouse, "I carried out the medium's instructions."

"Since then the oppressive atmosphere has completely vanished," he said. "Now," the Reverend added, "the church still is only haunted by the organist who died in 1863."—U.P.I.

The substance, known as "juvenile hormone," was discovered more than 20 years ago in insects. Tests showed that it had an "extraordinary" effect on their growth, metamorphosis and aging.

Substance

In a letter published in the current issue of Nature, three American scientists said that a similar substance had recently been found in human and animal tissue.

The scientists, Professors Carroll M. Williams, Lynn V. Moorhead and Jean F. Pullis, of Harvard University, wrote: "The development of methods of extracting and assaying the juvenile hormone of insects has encouraged a search for the same biological activity in animals other than insects."

The scientists said that in experiments on one-day-old rats, a golden oil was obtained which gave positive tests for juvenile hormone.

Positive tests were also obtained from extracts of thymus, bone marrow, human placenta, ovary, corpus luteum and adrenal cortex.

Hormone

The scientists said that although liver, testis, kidney and spleen gave negative tests, after purification juvenile hormone activity was found for all extracts.

The scientists concluded: "In summary, the picture that takes shape reveals a very broad distribution in the mammalian body of a factor which is indistinguishable from the juvenile hormone of insects."

In view of the extraordinary biological activity of this hormone on the growth, metamorphosis and aging of insects, it seems important to decide whether the juvenile hormone may play a part in mammalian physiology or whether its presence in higher forms is something of a biochemical curiosity."—China Mail Special.

Nervous Tension? Take Up Knitting Psychologist Says

London. BRITISH psychologist Dr F. E. C. Casson suggested that businessmen take up knitting on their way to work to lower nervous tension.

"It is a great pity that men have no knitting to occupy them on train journeys or at other idle moments," he said in the magazine Family Doctor. "They are left with no resources but to smoke, study the racing news or do crosswords."

Casson said that a woman who knits "is doing something satisfying to her." He said it stops women feeling "inadequate," and the rhythm acts as a tranquilliser.

HULA-HOOPING 'IS USEFUL' REDS SAY

Berlin. THE East German Reds have pondered long on the problem of the hula-hoop and now they have made up their mind.

The verdict—the hula-hoop is one Western invention that may be adapted by a "socialist country."

The East Berlin B.Z. Am Abend reported that the first East German hula-hoops will go on sale at a price of six

marks (HK30) a piece, towards the end of the month. The Government Committee for Physical Culture and Sport has tested the hoops and found them useful.

Cautioned

One Dr Schmidt, identified as an official in the state sports-medical advisory board, however, cautioned prospective buyers that "not only the adolescent and the young should be moved, but that 'the neck,

arms and legs must be swayed as well."

East Germany's government-run trade and industry got a warning too.

The success of the hula-hoop should show them the necessity of a more "enlightened attitude toward new ideas," B.Z. Am Abend said.

EASY LIVING FOR SUSAN'S PET



Ten-year-old Susan Lloyd feeds corn to her pet ewe, Esther, at their home in Ystrad Mynach, near Caerphilly, South Wales.

Esther, who was adopted by Susan after being rescued from a bog last Easter, now lives a life of ease as a family pet. She will provide a new

woollen rug for the front room after shearing time but is safe from the danger of becoming mutton. —Reuterphoto.

Schoolboys (But Only) Can Get A Whipping Now

London. BRITAIN is still so class conscious that only the sons of the rich can get a good whipping in school these days.

As in so many other things, the poor have to do without.

Sir Thomas Moore, a Tory Member of Parliament, feels so strongly about this discrimination that he demanded that the schoolboy memory of a master with a heavy cane.

Sir Winston Churchill among them. And Sir Thomas, who was food controller in Russia after the First World War, is well.

SENTIMENTALITY

"Did me good," he said in an attack on the "stodgy sentimentality" that has boosted Britain's juvenile delinquency rate to the highest on record with worse, he fears, to come. Sir Thomas brought up the school punishment question simply to show that strict discipline, intelligently applied, has never blunted the careers of ambitious young men. Most of Britain's notables, past and present, have come from the public schools.

"And not," he said, "from other schools where outraged parents are likely to physically assault a teacher if he dares lay an admonishing hand on their little horror."

Sir Thomas's main concern is the young criminal. He is one of the leaders in the campaign to restore the right of judges to "infect the rod, the cane or the 'cat' on hoodlums guilty of crimes of violence when normal punishment fails. He predicted in 1948 when this method was abolished that there would be a sharp rise in criminal brutality.

He takes no satisfaction in the fact his prophecy has come true.

In a few weeks Home Secretary R. A. Butler will introduce the Government's plan for dealing with the rise in crime, especially among young people who have been terrorising neighbourhoods with gang fights involving such weapons as axes, flick knives, bicycle chains and air guns.

DETENTION

Butler has apparently decided against the reintroduction of corporal punishment in favour of tougher detention centres where young criminals will move and work at double speed.

Sir Thomas thinks this is a mistake. "Let these hoodlums taste the pain and suffering they inflict on others," he said. "The cane or 'cat' reduces the ego and removes the feeling of achievement. Very few criminals in the old days ever came back for a second dose of the 'cat'."—U.P.I.

Pink Elephants

Karim, Rhodesia. PILOT Paul Rex said that he "definitely" had not been "flying" when he saw 20 pink elephants on a flying trip up the Zambezi valley about 25 miles from here.

A game officer who was with Rex at the time said that the elephants were "flying" in a "cloud" of smoke from a "gun" which was "firing" at the elephants.

IT'S NIET FROM OMSK TO TCHITA

By Own Correspondent

London. THE new telephone service to all Russia started last week.

"Ring anywhere in the U.S.S.R.," announced the G.P.O. proudly. "We are now able to put you through to anywhere." My first choice was Omsk, which is 1,200 miles east of Moscow and is famous simply because the Trans-Siberian railway runs through it.

But... Omsk is not yet on the line.

No English

Nor were several other towns. "All these places," explained the operator politely, "should be on the service in a day or two. Perhaps."

So I tried to get the postmaster at Sverdlovsk, in the middle of Russia. "I got as far as Moscow," the postmaster does not speak English," said the girl in Moscow, while the line gobbled and clicked.

I said I'd try him in Russian. A girl in the London international exchange would volunteer to interpret.

More clicks. "The postmaster," said Moscow, "is saying he does not wish to speak with you."

Click—a final, Russian-style click. So far £7 10s. in telephone charges. So I tried again. Astrakhan, where the fur comes from, Chkalovsk, which sounds as though it might have a casino, and Tchita.

Gone home

"Sorry," said the operator sadly. "In all these places the working day is over. There is no one to talk to."

On to the G.P.O. for explanations. "We'll find out at once and ring you back," said the voice.

Thirty minutes later I got my answer.

"It seems," said the voice cautiously, "that there is no one over there who can discuss this with us. Their working day is over, you know. All gone home."

"But we're surprised. We're very surprised. They told us we could ring anywhere at all from today."

"Oh, well. Perhaps in a day or two."

Dachshund Was Stuck For Week In A Hole

Stockholm. ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD dachshund Murre, a fine hunter with 30 foxes to his credit, was front-page news in Swedish papers last week.

While pursuing a fox the audacious little animal got stuck in a deep hollow at the bottom of the fox's burrow. Owing to his short little legs he was unable to jump the walls of his confinement and he had to stay imprisoned for a week.

Seven men—his master Per-Olof Holmberg, of Lovanger, North Sweden, and helpful neighbours—worked incessantly day and night in order to get him out of the narrow cleft in a rock which contained the tunnel entrance to the fox's lair.

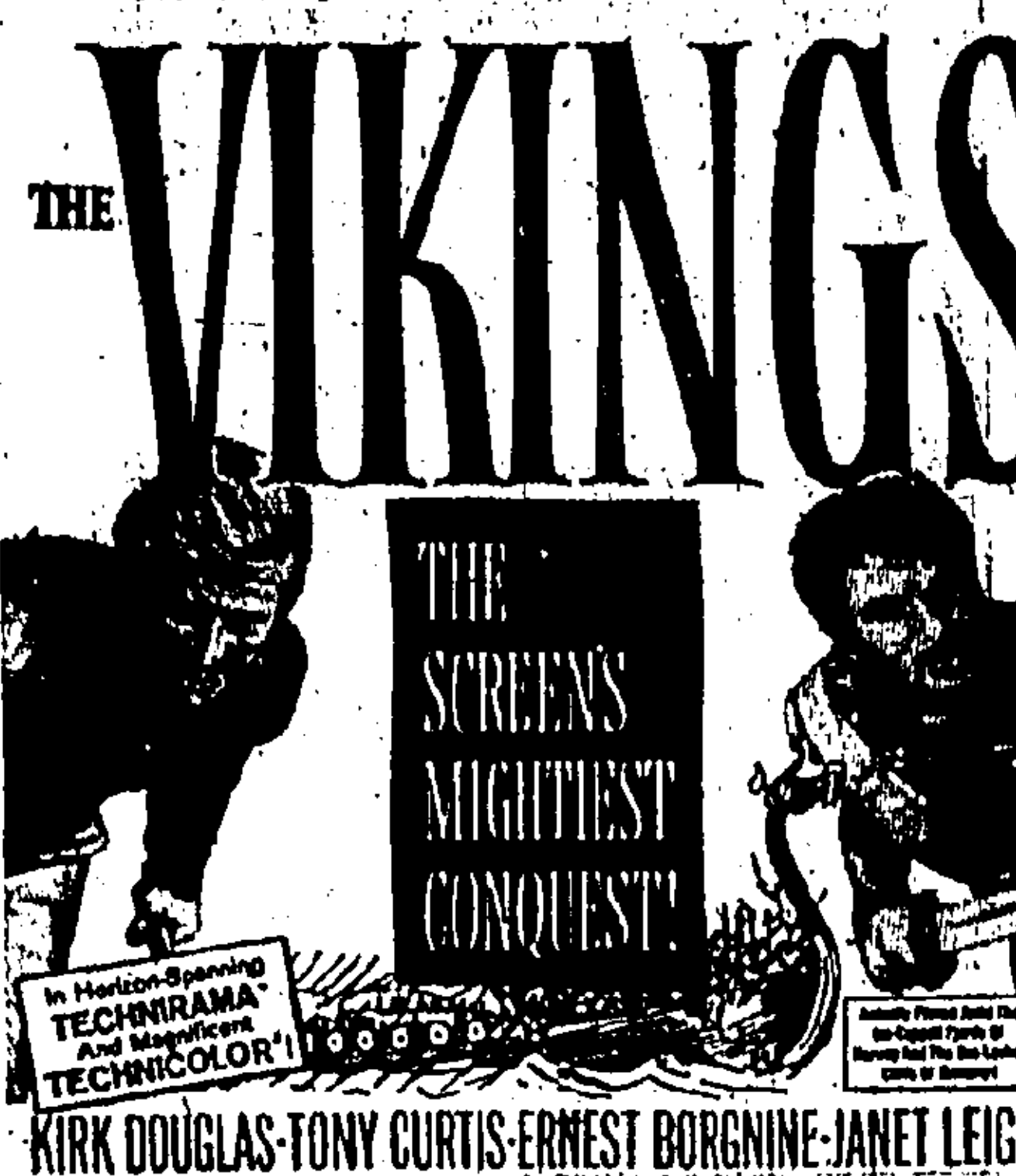
Finally, rock-blasting had to be resorted to in order to widen the 20 ft long tunnel, and there was constant danger that the falling debris might have Murre caught off the supply of air.

However, the poor little dog was successfully brought back to his loving master, a little shrunken but otherwise in good condition, followed by congratulations by the Press, radio and television.

The rescue party was then taken to the local police station where they were given a warm reception.

STAR METROPOLE

★ GRAND OPENING TO-DAY ★
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
5 Shows To-day, To-morrow, Mon., 16th & Tues., 17th Feb.
AT 12.30, 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



KIRK DOUGLAS-TONY CURTIS-ERNEST BORGNINE-JANET LEIGH
The Vikings
JAMES DONALD-ALEXANDER KNOX - Screenplay by CALDER WILLINGHAM - Adapted by DALE WASSERMAN
Based on the novel "The Vikings" by EDSON MARSHALL - Produced by JERRY BRISLER - Directed by HOWARD FLEISCHER
A KIRK DOUGLAS Production - Released by UNITED ARTISTS

STAR AT USUAL PRICES! METROPOLE ADMISSION: \$3.50, \$2.40, \$1.70 & \$1.20
BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW * AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S M. G. M.
LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

— SHOWING TO-DAY —
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
The Gun-Hot Story of the Cuties Who keep the Racket Boys Happy—and their mouths shut!

— SHOWING TO-DAY —
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
THE REGULARLY FERRY STORY
OF A BOY AND HIS FAMILY

THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYFATHER
CHANGING COLOUR BY DE LUXE
WEDNESDAY EVENING 7.30 PM
WEDNESDAY EVENING 7.30 PM

THE LOW-BOW ON THE GOLD ROAD
OF A BOY AND HIS FAMILY
WEDNESDAY EVENING 7.30 PM
WEDNESDAY EVENING 7.30 PM

ROBERT TAYLOR
CYD CHARISSE
LEE J. COBB
WEDNESDAY EVENING 7.30 PM
WEDNESDAY EVENING 7.30 PM

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"BRIDGE AT TOKYO"

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
RANDOLPH SCOTT in
"GUNFIGHTER"

RITZ CINEMA

★ FINAL TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



GREGORY PECK
The Purple Plain
TECHNICOLOR
WITH REX LEAN

— TO-MORROW —
VICTOR MATURE • LI LI HWA in
"CHINA DOLL"

— TO-MORROW —
VICTOR MATURE • LI LI HWA in
"CHINA DOLL"

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"CHINA DOLL"

— TO-MORROW —
VICTOR MATURE • LI LI HWA in
"CHINA DOLL"

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Driving to Downing Street—U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Ambassador John Hay Whitney, for talks with Prime Minister Macmillan, who leaves for a face-to-face talk with Khrushchev in Moscow later this month.

★
RIGHT: In London for a cabaret season, Philippina singer Teresita de Alba who scored a success in Hongkong a year ago, recently showed off some of the oddest jewellery in town, including twin silver Buddhas which she wears as earrings, part of the collection she has picked up singing her way round the world. Spanish-born, she is married to Jaquin Monet, cousin of the Duke of Vista Alegre and former Spanish Vice-Consul in Shanghai, who now acts as her business manager.

★
BELOW: Rock 'n' Roll star Cliff Richard, six months in show business, already carries an entourage of 12 around the country with him. They are George Ganjou (agent); Tito Burns (personal manager); Lon Saxon (road manager); Joe Lee (chauffeur); Mrs Dorothy Webb (mother—she just "looks after him"); Donella Webb (sister—she handles his fan mail); Terry Smart ("bouncer" and body-guard); Norrie Paramor (recording manager); and his 4-piece accompanying band, the teenage "Drifters". Standing are (L-R) Lee, the band, Saxon; sitting are (L-R) Burns, Donella, Cliff, Mum, and Ganjou.



ABOVE: Princess Margaret stops at the recent gala Royal Film Show to talk—in French—to Maurice Chevalier. Also in the line-up (l. to r.) Diana Cilento, Ian Carmichael, Max Bygraves, Lauren Bacall.

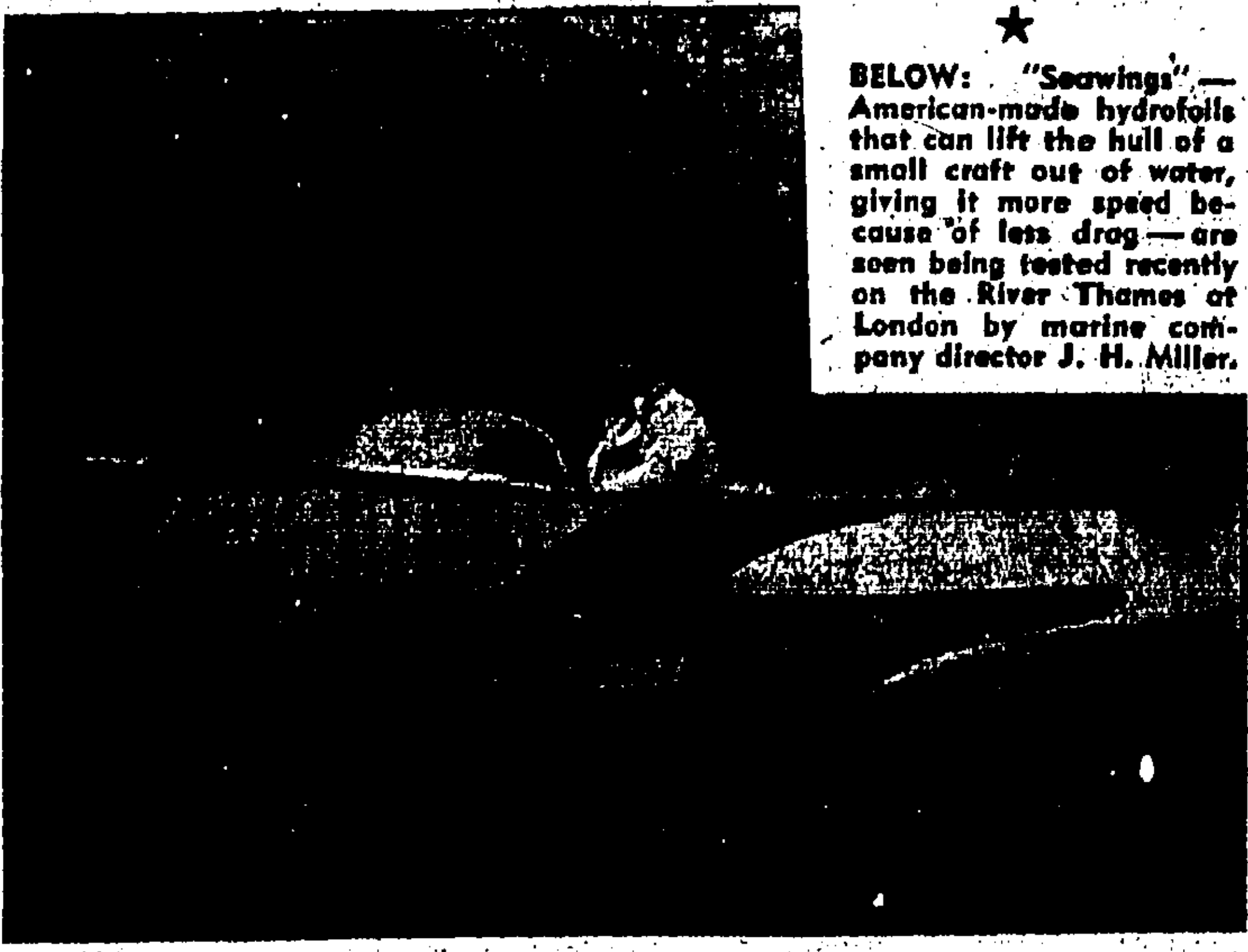
★ ★ ★
BELOW: Into hospital in London recently went Shirley Compétini, the 23-year-old girl whose romance with Italian soldier Guilio Comparini once thrilled the world. Now, in spite of all medical advice, she is expecting a baby—next month. Picture shows: Last day at home—Shirley and Guilio packing her hospital cases.



ABOVE: At Marylebone's Church of St James, a Requiem Mass was said recently over the body of one-time errand boy Dennis Hamilton who pushed himself up out of the larger-than-life world of the West End's social whirl. Listening, sitting alone among the five hundred people packing the church, moist-eyed, pale, tight-lipped, was the woman whom he helped build into Britain's most gloriously successful star; the woman whose success he shared until they drifted apart—in a flare of publicity—two years ago; the woman to whom he was still legally married when he died of a heart complaint—blonde, international celebrity Diana Dors.

★
LEFT: A star spangled premiere recently marked the opening of the West End's first new cinema since 1938—the Columbia in Shaftesbury Avenue. The film picked was 'Gigi', a musical adaptation of Colette's novel. And there to launch it was the main male star, fresh-as-ever Maurice Chevalier. Pictured: A favour for Maurice Chevalier, from maid-for-the-night Mariene Honor.

★
BELOW: "Seawings"—American-made hydrofoils that can lift the hull of a small craft out of water, giving it more speed because of less drag—are seen being tested recently on the River Thames at London by marine company director J. H. Miller.



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



Beginning the most fantastic sea drama of this century...

The fleet that had to die

ACTION STATIONS... RUSSIA'S BATTLESHIPS POUND BRITISH TRAWLERS INTO WRECKS

IN Tokyo the war lords decided the time had come to strike. Quietly the captains of the superbly efficient fleet filed into the admiral's cabin. On the table they saw an unsheathed sambo, the short ceremonial sword. They knew what it meant. War!

"We sail tomorrow," said the admiral. "Show yourselves worthy of the confidence I place in you."

The briefing was short and crisp. There were few questions, and as the captains returned to their ships a mood of high expectancy spread through the Japanese fleet.

The attack went exactly as planned. Around the unsuspecting harbour the lights shone brightly. And there, drawn up in neat rows, at the mercy of the attackers lay the battle-ships of the enemy fleet. Their crews were at rest, the shore batteries unmanned.

Within a few drama-packed minutes the whole power of the anchored fleet had been crippled beyond recovery.

That was how Japan announced her declaration of war to the world.

Pearl Harbour? NO.

This happened 37 years before Pearl Harbour—in 1904. The Japs' enemy was not America but Russia. The harbour was Russia's Far East stronghold, Port Arthur. The raiders were not airplanes but destroyers and torpedo boats.

Never had such a crushing blow fallen on a nation at the start of a great war. And now only one thing stood between Russia and the prospect of utter defeat in the Far East.

RAMSHACKLE

That was a ramshackle collection of ships, hardly worthy of the title of fleet, on the other side of the vast Russian continent—at the Baltic ports of Libau and Revel.

It consisted of between 40 and 50 ships, most of them hopelessly out of date. Its crews were untrained; its officers in the main brave but incompetent.

Upon this fleet, despite its unreadiness, were pinned all the hopes of Russia.

BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OF GETTING THE FLEET FROM THE BALTIC TO THE FAR EAST. AND THAT WAS BY SAILING IT ROUND THE WORLD.

And upon one man fell the immense burden of getting it in

shape for its fantastic 18,000-mile journey—and the battle that awaited it.

That man was Admiral Zinovy Petrovich Rozhdestvensky.

Rozhdestvensky was 55, tall, bearded and a one-man power station; he had thrust himself to the top by sheer personal dynamic.

RUTHLESS

Now he ruthlessly applied that dynamic to his new task, sailing and promising and slashing through red tape to get things done more swiftly than ever before.

Towering above all his other problems was that of coal. At cruising speed his ships would use 3,000 tons daily; at full speed this would increase to 10,000 tons a day. He needed 500,000 tons altogether.

Russia had no coaling stations on the route; and in a world that was almost entirely hostile to her she could not be sure of being allowed to put in at a single port to take on supplies. Britain, for example, was highly sympathetic towards Japan.

There was only one solution: to acquire another and equally large fleet of colliers and coal at sea for the whole journey. Finally, a contract on this basis was arranged with the German Hamburg-Amerika line.

To coal 40 ships, perhaps 30 or 40 times in an unpredictable weather outside the three-mile limit! The man was mad, said the world's naval experts. But what else could you expect from those crazy Russians anyway?

As the backbone of his force Rozhdestvensky had his flagship,

the 15,000-ton Suvoroff, and three similar ships, the Borodino, Alexander III, and Oryol.

On paper they looked formidable. But their value was diminished by the frequent changes in their long period of construction, during which the designers had been prevailed on to add more and more weight in the form of officers' accommodation and comforts, which were taken seriously in the Russian Navy.

This resulted in alarming top-heaviness which affected both speed and stability. Indeed, the danger of capsizing was so great that when it was finally decided to strip unnecessary weight from the superstructure the order was given that only essential signal flags should be hoisted on the yards. Bunting was barred.

To man these unwieldy iron-clads Rozhdestvensky had crews mainly of peasants, with little sea training. Among them were subversive and mutinous elements. But that was not known until later.

BLESSING

At last came the day in October 1904 when the four battleships were towed by tugs into the roadstead.

Three of the four survived the dangerous shoals. But the Oryol, which had neglected to take soundings, came to rest on a sandbank.

Senior officers in full dress uniform hurried in pinnaces to take over salvage operations while the entire ship's complement of 900 men ran with shouts of mixed mockery and enthusiasm to and fro across the main deck in an attempt to rock the vast vessel off the mud.

"Take care, lads," they called to each other. "We may cap-

size the old tub if we don't look out."

It took 36 hours and three dredgers to get her off. Then the Oryol hastened to take up her station for the farewell ceremony.

On October 9, 1904, the Czar and Czarina arrived by special train to see the fleet away on its enterprise—an enterprise which fused together all the ingredients of grand drama: courage and cowardice; patriotism and treachery; and disaster on a scale which the world has rarely seen.

One of the last orders issued to the Russian fleet before it sailed from the Baltic was that "Holy water is to be sprinkled by priests as a blessing on guns and decks before the enemy is engaged."

Another fleet bulletin announced that the Empress would present to those ships with chapels a challenge of her own workmanship.

Seven times in turn the Czar boarded his great ships and was greeted by shouts of "Long live your Imperial Majesty" from the sailors in their new blue jumpers and black trousers.

After receiving the officers, he climbed to the forebridge of each vessel and made a speech, urging the crews "to take vengeance on the insolent Japanese who had troubled the peace of Holy Russia."

Thirty-six hours later Rozhdestvensky gave orders for his fleet, now known as the Second Pacific Squadron, to sail.

Now, from the bridge of the Suvoroff, Rozhdestvensky could

survey his armada with something approaching pride.

All his vessels were at last in their steaming stations—even the repair ship Kamchatka, which in the practice exercises had established herself as the buffoon ship of the whole squadron.

The Kamchatka was supposed to be a floating workshop which would maintain the mechanical efficiency of the whole fleet; in fact, she herself had more breakdowns than any other vessel, and her captain had acquired a reputation for hilarious mistakes of navigation.

TENSION

As the ships steamed through the Baltic there was still a nagging worry. In Rozhdestvensky's mind, Japan was reported to have sent "suicide" detachments to European waters.

An intelligence section set up by the Russian Navy in Copenhagen had been busily justifying its existence by reporting suspicious vessels hovering in isolated creeks.

These reports, in fact, were completely groundless. There were no Japanese warships within thousands of miles of Rozhdestvensky's armada as it emerged into the North Sea early on October 19.

Thick fog descended. And on every ship there was a mood of tension and anxiety as the fleet groped its way forward.

Nerves already on edge were jarred anew by a report from lookouts that two silvery shapes had been seen in the sky. There could now be no doubt! Enemy spotters in balloons were shadowing the fleet!

These balloons were as intangible as today's flying saucers. They were never traced again. Their phantoms remain only as evidence of the tremendous fear of attack which gripped the Russian fleet.

Each ship in its solitary, detached world felt its way uneasily forward over the oily swell with the sirens shrieking all around.

At noon a wind sprang up and cleared most of the fog away; to reveal the fleet in a sorry array.

CONTACT

The fleet was scattered in loose formation. The cruisers, under Admiral Enkvist, were now far ahead. In the main section of the fleet the Kamchatka, despite a breakdown during the night, had now somehow contrived to get itself ahead of the flagship and was lost.

Nerves were still at breaking point when darkness fell again; the elusive enemy must be lurking just over the horizon.

And that was the setting for a fantastic blunder that nearly brought Britain and Russia to war.

From the Kamchatka, still lost ahead of the main squadron, came a report that contact had now been definitely established with the foe.

"Chased by torpedo-boats," she radioed succinctly at dusk, and after a pause announced that she was firing on them.

"How many?" the Suvoroff demanded. "From which side?" "About eight. From all directions."

"Have they discharged any torpedoes?" signalled the Suvoroff.

There was a short interval when the radio-operator's quick dash over the deck for a glance over the rails could be glimpsed; then: "We haven't seen any."

The Kamchatka later appeared anxious to locate her flagship and repeatedly asked her to expose her searchlights. But

Rozhdestvensky, prepared for every Japanese trick, refused to disclose his position. It wouldn't have been the first time that the Japanese had sent out false signals on Russian wavelengths.

Ninety minutes later the bugle calls for action stations sounded and the acute tension of the past hours found release in a sudden outburst of sound and movement.

It had all begun on the bridge of the Suvoroff, from which two flares had suddenly been sighted ahead. Searchlights were at once swung in their direction, the emergency "Engage enemy" signal was flashed, and the sea and sky about the ironclads became a dazzling cross-kaleidoscope of white beams that flitted and darted, paused to probe a wave and flashed up again to the base of the clouds.

It was some time before the errant searchlights charged on their target—a group of little vessels, with a larger one among them—and concentrated their beams on it.

This was a fleet of British fishing trawlers. The boats were barely half a mile away, gossamer white in the blinding light, like scattered toys surprised in the night.

On every Russian ship the gun barrels swung round and a withering fire opened up at a rate the gunners had never approached before.

Soon the ammunition for some of the 12-pounders was running low and the trawlers with fresh supplies were not arriving. Amid all the disorder on the Oryol a midshipman ran from the after bridge on to the main deck waving an empty shell case.

"They've fired away my shells," he was crying in anguish. "Give me more ammunition!"

Strikes were already being made; three of the boats had been hit, and one was listing heavily; the tide of battle was running with the Russians.

Then suddenly, from the west, fresh batteries of searchlights sprang up, sweeping over the ironclads and blinding the gunners.

Between the beams muzzle flashes were observed and shells whined overhead and sent up fountains of sea-water beside the Suvoroff.

Up went the cry of "Cruisers!" The Japanese must be bringing up reinforcements. This must be their main fleet.

The great turrets swung round, and as the range-finders called out the distance the 12-inch guns slowly rose and one by one opened fire.

What the Russians did not

realise was that their new targets were indeed cruisers—their own, the ships of Admiral Enkvist which had become detached from the main fleet during the previous night's fog.

FANTASTIC

Now for the record of this fantastic night as it appeared to the victims of the attack.

The Gamecock Fleet of 100-ton, single-screw trawlers, each with a crew of eight or nine, had left Hull on October 19 and reached its fishing ground on the Dogger Bank 220 miles east by north of Spurn Head on the evening of the 21st.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the lights of several ships were seen to the north-east steering in loose line-ahead formation. They could only be warships—probably Admiral Lord Charles Boreas's Channel Fleet returning from their Tynemouth visit, the fishermen guessed.

When the searchlights came on, sweeping their fingers in swift arcs over the sea, there was still only surprise among the trawler crews.

Even the first shots that slammed into the water were accepted for a moment as nothing worse than the prelude to night gunnery practice.

It was rather to avoid a collision than because of the gun-fire that the trawlers were cut and full steam ahead was ordered in every boat.

BLINDING

Panic broke out among the fishermen only when the searchlights concentrated their blinding light on three of the trawlers "like a ring of fire," and the sea around them was churned up by hundreds of exploding shells.

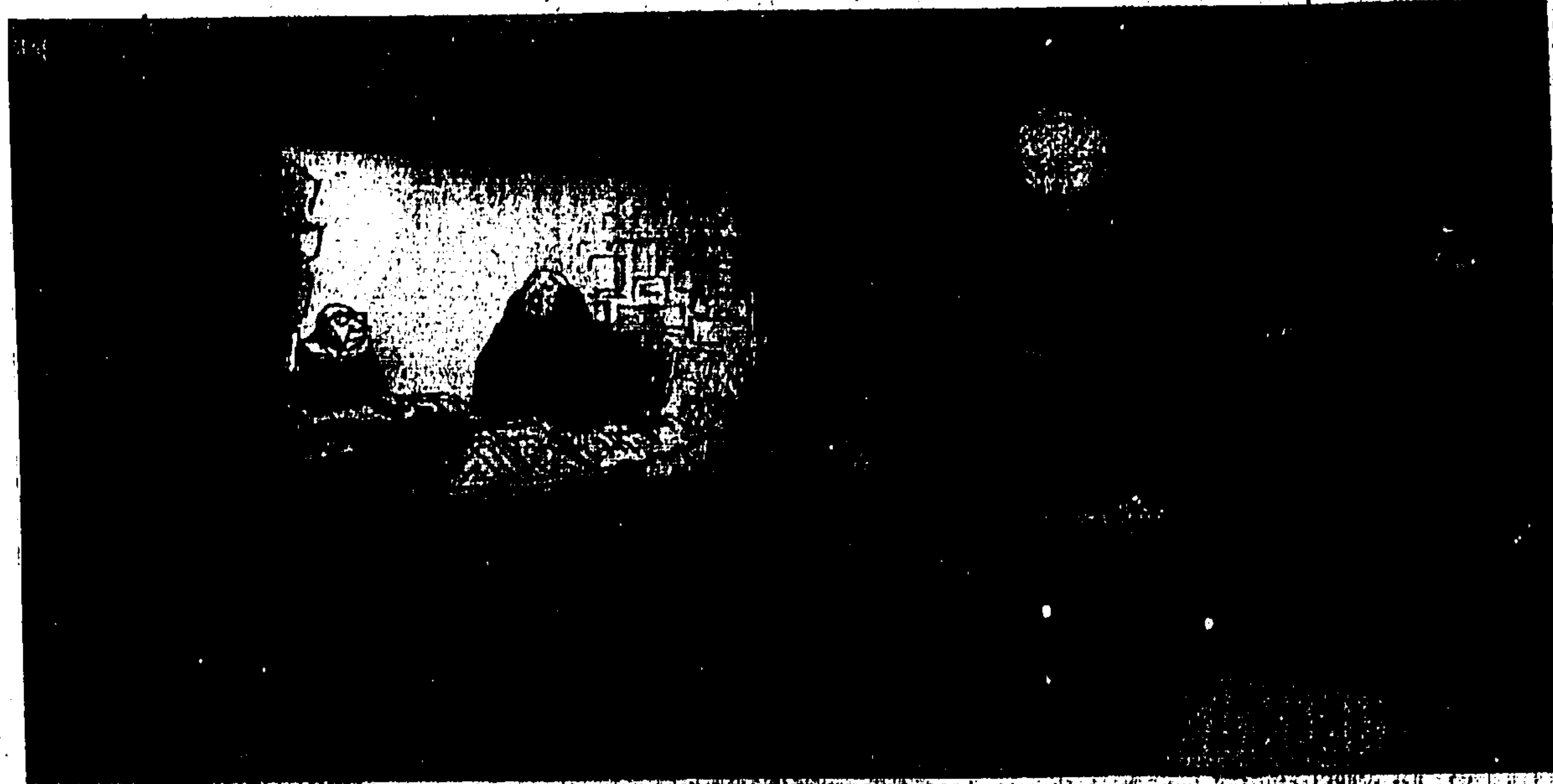
The men still below climbed on to deck, waving their arms and shouting at the tops of their voices. "To show what we were, I held a big plate up," one fisherman said later. "My mate, Jim Tozer, showed a haddock."

"I was going to take more than a fish or two to hulk the Russian gunners now that they were getting the range, which from the Suvoroff was down to 100 yards."

There was certain to be a hit before long. "Going on deck, I saw several ships which had covered us with searchlights; and which were firing at us with their 12-inch guns," reported Albert Hissend, a trawlerman in the Gamecock Fleet. (Contd. on Page 7, Col. 1)



Shell after shell smashed into the trawlers



"Do we have a volume of Terry Davis's Army Memoirs?"

London Express Service

...the armada that sailed round the world...into annihilation

(Contd. from Page 6)
"I ran below again, followed by the boatman who had nearly reached the bottom of the ladder when he fell back. 'I'm shot—my hands are off!'"

"I turned to help him, but another shell, burying itself away from the flesh of my left arm. The Crane was taking the brunt of the fire, shell after shell striking home."

DAYLIGHT...

Joseph Alfred Smith, the skipper's son, was asleep when the guns started firing, and a shot came through the fore-cabin, extinguishing the light above his head.

When he rushed up on deck he imagined it was daylight. The boat's engineer, John Nixon, was staring at Almond, who had been hit again, in the head this time.

Young Smith's father was already dead, lying across the deck headless, and the third hand had similarly been decapitated.

Most of the rest of the crew had been wounded, and there was blood all over the wet fore-cabin of the Crane.

The first mate was frantically waving a red lamp with one hand and trying to launch the trawler's boat with the other. But the winch had been riddled by shellfire and the trawler was already sinking.

The barrage died only when the Russian gunners thought they recognised a more serious foe advancing on them—in fact their own cruisers—though the 12-pounder and six-pounder fire still remained heavy as the Moulmein, Gull, and Mino steamed towards the stricken Crane in an attempt to take off the wounded and the dead before she sank.

In the cruisers the medical staff had been busy.

The Orvil alone had fired over 500 shells and there had been seven big ships in the line, at one time all firing on the cruisers Aurora and Donskoy.

• BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

A PROFESSOR of the University of Protophystown, Illinois, has completed a treatise on "D. H. Lawrence's Use Of The Commas."

The reviewer who is at a loss for something to say can assert confidently that "This will be the standard work on the subject, worthy of its place on the shelf beside 'Kafka's Use Of Syllables.'"

Fossilized food

PEOPLE who complain that vegetables fossilized by freezing have no taste may live to sigh for the days when food, instead of nothing, The campaign of the scientists and chemists against food is in its infancy, and one day units of eating personnel will be confronted with irradiated batteries which will remain new-laid for 10 years, retaining the subtle taste of scorched rubber. For the word "menu" substitute "body-fuel intake."

Another "deterrent"

WITH a delicacy unmatched in the annals of germ-warfare preparation the scientists at the Chemical Defence Experimental Station have been rather quiet about reports of their latest triumph: a deterrent germ which can be cheaply produced, will poison food and water, and will destroy the population of a whole country in a few hours. Now it is up to somebody to say that the new "deterrent" will be used only for peaceful purposes. Anyhow, if every country can afford this germ, "parity" will soon be reached.

Acclamourumpirettes

CRICKETERS must have read with mixed feelings the news that girls are to be trained as umpires. Those who take the game with agonising seriousness will wonder how a bowler will keep his mind on the game with a giggling, side-long-glancing umpirette so close to him—and in a backless white gown! And many a captain will have to request square leg to remove his arm from the second umpirette's waist. Only a batsman with a heart of stone will be able to control his emotion when a melodious voice answers an appeal with a shy smile, and two little whispering umpirettes "Not out!"

London Express Service.



Rescue under fire: Fishermen from the Gull come to the aid of the crew of the sinking Crane. An artist's impression.



The wrath of Britain is aroused: Some of the newspaper headlines that followed the attack of the Russian Fleet on the British fishing trawlers.

War fever sweeps Britain—Vengeance is the cry

A hit or two had been inevitable at the close range and both ships had been struck in the upper works.

In the Aurora a gunner had been injured and Chaplain Afanasy mortally wounded "by a 45mm. shell which went through the priest's cabin and through the priest in it."

Comprehension of the double blunder they were committing came slowly to the Russian squadron. The torpedo-boats which they imagined had mixed in with the fishing boats had clearly been driven off, and only a scattering of badly battered trawlers was milling about like doomed moths in the glare of the searchlights.

INDIGNATION

At the same time, on the bridge of the Suvoroff the signals from the confused and thoroughly frightened Enkvist, who had been returning the hail of fire with equal wild enthusiasm, were at last recognised as Tabulevitch, a system used only in the Russian Navy, and Rozhdestvensky ordered the buglers to sound the ceasefire.

There were no further alarms. The fleet did no more than carry away the trawls of the next fishing fleet through which it curved its way at four o'clock and continued south-west across the North Sea, a shade uneasy perhaps, but on the whole

pleased with its performance. It had been a hectic night. From vantage points all along the south coast of England as far west as Shoreham, small, curious crowds gathered, watching the fleet steaming down Channel beneath the dense black cloud of its own smoke, hugging the three-mile limit as if seeking reassurance from Britannia's might. They did not know that these ships had almost embroiled their country in a war.

Towards midday the second division of battleships halted opposite Brighton's new Palace Pier beside a pair of waiting colliers and took on coal. For two and a half hours the towering superstructures and heavy gun turrets, the stocky dark silhouettes of the bigger ships were clearly visible and drew several thousands to the pier and the beach and the railings of the Marine Parade.

In the afternoon the Suvoroff, followed by her three sister ships, hove to off Rottingdean. But still only the fishermen of the Gamecock Fleet knew of the night attack in the North Sea.

Five hours after the last battleship disappeared over the horizon down Channel the Moulmein, with her flag at half mast, led the damaged trawlers into Hull harbour.

The news of the disaster had preceded her, the wounded having been landed from a hospital ship earlier in the afternoon, and there were groups of anxious relatives and friends, and a scattering of reporters,

huddled on the quay when she came alongside.

Like any fishing port, Hull was accustomed to sudden death; but this was a new sort of disaster that for the moment no one understood. The wave of indignation gathered momentum slowly.

That night a deputation of Hull fishermen representing the Gamecock Fleet was taken to London on the night mail by the local M.P., Sir Henry Seymour King, and soon after breakfast they presented themselves at the Foreign Office.

INTOLERABLE

The Foreign Secretary, Lord Lansdowne, was away, and it was left to two of his officials to ask for evidence of the attack that was already headlined in every morning newspaper in Europe.

"It's up at Hull," one of the fishermen told them: "Two headless trunks." They were able to produce some shell

splinters from their pockets, and that seemed to satisfy the Foreign Office.

For the British people the "Digger Bank Incident" contained all the necessary ingredients for a national feast of furious outrage.

To a country at the very peak of its power and wealth, with ancient maritime traditions, dependent on the sea for its trade, possessing the greatest merchant and naval fleets the world had ever known, the attack was intolerable.

There was little fear of Russia in Britain at the turn of the century; but like any noisy, marauding, predatory beast, the bear had to be kept in order. That it should dare to fire on and sink British trawlers on their lawful occasions and kill innocent fishermen, was an affront to national pride.

Trafalgar Square was filled with protesting crowds that evening, and the Russian Ambassador was booted as he left his embassy.

There were deputations to members of Parliament to Downing Street, and the Admiralty. The Navy must deal with this wretched Russian admiral fellow...

Now was the time to see some return for the millions spent on ironclads... "Jackie" Fisher would teach 'em, he'd stop that madman and have him shot as a murderer. "Is this wretched Baltic Fleet to be permitted to continue its operation?" asked the Standard "with its inefficient commanders, its drafts of raw landmen, its blundering navigators, and incompetent engineers..."

THE BRINK...

On the morning of October 25, Britain became suddenly aware that the incident had developed into a serious crisis, and that in fact the country was on the brink of war with Russia. "The

mind of the Government, like the mind of the nation, is made up," stated The Times. "Justice was demanded—immediate justice, backed up by all the power of the Empire."

In the evening the war fever mounted with an Admiralty statement announcing that, after the receipt of the news of the tragedy in the North Sea, preliminary orders for mutual support and co-operation were, as a measure of precaution, issued by the Admiralty to the Mediterranean, Channel, and Home Fleets.

This was received everywhere with satisfaction in the knowledge that the Royal Navy was ready, ave ready—great, grey men-of-war slipping silently to sea, heading for their secret rendezvous in battle formation, decks cleared for action, live shells in the breeches, British tars alert for the enemy: this was the very stuff of jingoism, the late autumn harvest of heroics.

Nor was reality so very different from this romantic picture. From all sides the massive strength of the Royal Navy closed in on the bully scurrying down Channel.

The Home Fleet under Vice-Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson with eight battleships and four cruisers left at once for Portland, and the eight battleships in reserve were brought to a state of readiness.

Lord Charles Beresford, with his flag on the Cuesar, had under his command the Victorious, Hannibal, Illustrious, Jupiter, Magnificent, Majestic, and Mars, as formidable as they sounded and each more than a match for the Suvoroff.

Ammunition chambers, stores, and bunkers were quickly replenished, and the cruisers Thetis, Endymion, Doris and Hermes detached to shadow the Russian fleet. "Situation critical" was the Admiral's farewell message. "Good luck."

THE LESSONS

Gibraltar was put on a war footing and the dozen battleships and 44 supporting cruisers, destroyers, and gunboats were recalled from visits to Italian and Austrian ports.

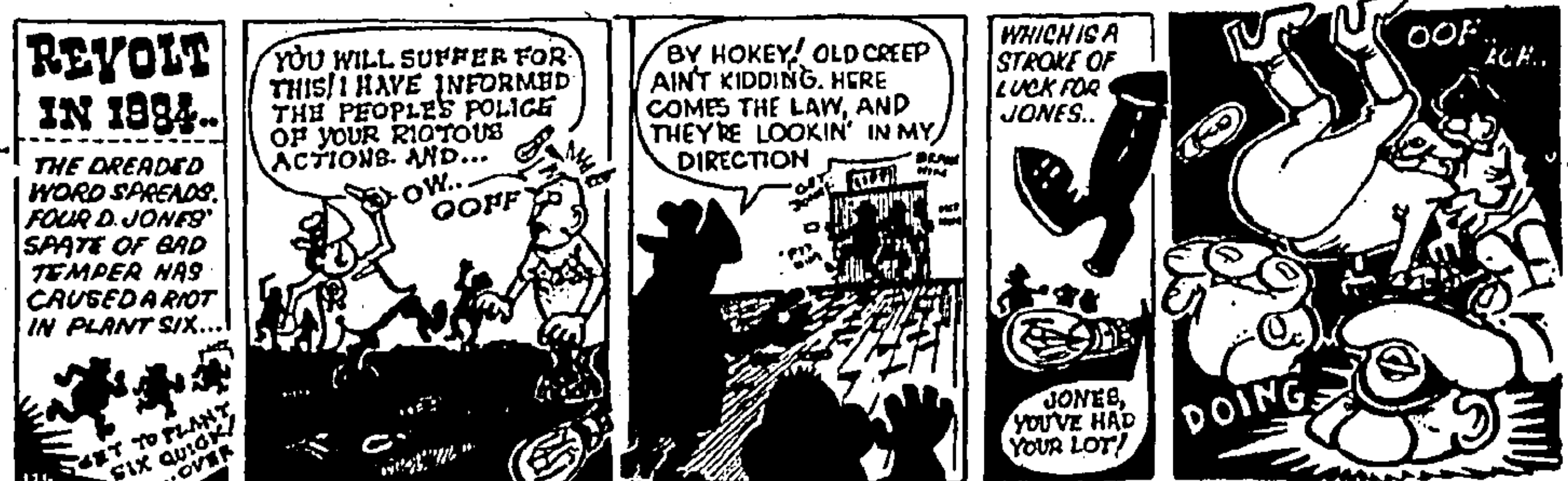
By the evening of October 26 there were in all 28 battleships with steam up or already at sea to intercept and destroy the Second Pacific Squadron at a word from Whitehall.

Rozhdestvensky was now "the ham of a strategic sandwich" as a satisfied correspondent to The Times put it. But the Thunderer's opposite number in St. Petersburg considered that "the lessons of the first days of the war have not been wasted, and the new and treacherous attack by the Japanese has been met by the vigilant and pitiless eye of our Admiral and the straight fire of our guns."

Next Week: MUTINY

FOUR D. JONES

by MADDOCKS



BEAUTY OR BRAINS?

The side-show beauty who changed history

THE first time London society saw Emma Hamilton, she was immersed in a mud bath up to her chin—centre-piece of a quack healer's exhibition.

But at the height of her success, she whispered to a queen and altered the course of history. She unleashed the genius of George Romney, one of England's greatest painters. And one of Britain's greatest men spent his last breath speaking her name.

Lady Emma Hamilton, mistress of Lord Nelson, was one of the few women in history whose beauty matched the legend.

And she used her almost perfect beauty to climb the precarious ladder of success, acquiring on the way an education, social graces, the friendship of royalty, the hearts of six men—and finally the scorn of a nation.

But when she came to London at the age of 16, everything about her was ordinary—except her looks.

Lady Hamilton, born Amy Lyon at Preston, Lancashire, in April 1764, was the daughter of a blacksmith. When her father died, her mother took her to live at Haslemere, Hampshire. She might have lived out her life in obscurity there but for her knowledge of her own beauty, and her determination to use it to get to the top.

Then, at 16, London was the place where fortunes were made. Even a servant's job was good enough if it got her to the big city. So Amy, an illiterate country girl, entered the service of a doctor who lived in Blackfriars. Later, she took employ-

ment with a tradesman at St James's market. But to Amy Lyon, these positions were mere stepping stones. No one knows exactly how it happened—but the first time London society noticed her, she was lying in a mud-bath in Dr Graham's "Temple of Health" in Pall Mall.

Graham was a quack who claimed he knew the secret of long life. Amy, "billed" as "Vestina, Goddess of Health" was his lure. While she lay there, looking as alluring as the mud permitted, Graham delivered a lecture, in which he claimed that anyone could live to be a hundred "with health, honour and happiness."

And all he charged for his secret was five shillings.

Amy was happy. The work was not exacting. She was being paid more generously than ever before, and she was certainly coming into contact with society, even if somewhat unconventionally.

But Amy was always looking for ways to better herself. Her first big chance came indirectly from her own mother. It was about this time that she received a letter from home telling her that her uncle had been seized by a naval press-gang. Since she was in London, her mother wrote, could she not go along to the Admiralty and plead for his release?

Amy did—and capitalised on the situation. Like a true opportunist. The man at the Admiralty who helped her was Captain, later Admiral, Payne. There was no doubt why Payne used his influence to have Amy's uncle released. For, soon after, Amy became his mistress. Curiously for those excessively class-conscious times, Payne was really in love with her. But whether she had any feeling for him, we shall never know. She certainly did not demonstrate it.

★ ★ ★

Payne proudly took her everywhere. He even presented her to his upper-class friends. Until one day he introduced her to Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh. To Amy, this was another chance. True, Payne was an impressive figure in his naval uniform, but Sir Harry had a title and a Sussex estate. Amy did not hesitate.

The Sussex baronet succeeded Payne. He taught her riding, and the other social graces which were to prove so valuable to her in later life. But like Payne, he never won her heart.

The girl who only a few years before had been a maid in a doctor's home now enjoyed the life of the squire's lady.

But Amy missed the gay London of the 18th century. She began to look around for a chance to get back to it, and she grabbed the first opportunity that came—the Hon. Charles Greville, man-about-town, and sufficiently well connected socially to have turned her head at their first meeting. So Amy coolly deserted her baronet and went to live in town with Greville.

Had Greville loved her truly, Amy's story might have ended differently, for Greville could provide her with just the sort of gay, distinguished life she sought. But, ironically, the

first man she would have been content to settle down with was at heart as cynical as she had been.

At first, Greville's infatuation for her inspired him to lavish on her everything money could buy—even though it plunged him deeply into debt. Most of the money was spent on her education.

It was Greville who introduced her to Romney, the artist who was so captivated by her beauty that he painted her 23 times.

It was Romney, a sensitive man, of similar background to her own, who loved Amy most of all. But Amy regarded him only as a friend, and he was much too shy to confess his love.

★ ★ ★

She was to him "physically perfect—almost fabulous." "I think she is superior to all womankind," he wrote in his diary. He saw her as "the incarnation of abstract beauty."

But to Amy, Romney, the most fashionable genius of his day, was like a father—the only man she could go to when the problems of her tangled love life became too much for her.

It was to Romney she confessed her fears when Greville packed her off to Naples, ostensibly to study singing. Her fears were well-founded, for Greville, unable any longer to afford so expensive a mistress, had sold her to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, who was British Minister to the Court at Naples.

But, again, ironically, this callous dismissal resulted in Amy realising her ambition of position, security and respectability. For the easy-going Sir William fell so deeply in love with her that he proposed marriage, and on September 6, 1793, she became Lady Hamilton.

News of the marriage hit the English social world like an earthquake. The wedding took place in London, but Queen Charlotte refused to receive Amy (now Emma) at court, even though she was to be the wife of one of the king's representatives abroad.

Almost immediately after the ceremony Emma went to Romney's Cavendish Square studio and sat for him for the last time.

Back in Naples, Lady Hamilton reached the peak of her success. She had great influence over the Queen of Naples, and used it for the benefit of her country.

Her greatest achievement was when, in June 1798, through her influence with the Queen, Naples broke a peace treaty with France and permitted Nelson, the great naval hero, to sail his fleet into the Bay of Naples.

★ ★ ★

Britain was at war with France. Napoleon had sailed East with his army to march through Egypt and India, the heart of the British Empire. Nelson had been chasing the ambitious Napoleon the length of the Mediterranean. Now his ships needed fresh supplies and water. He would have to return to Gibraltar unless the Neapolitan authorities could be persuaded to allow the fleet into their territorial waters.

Sir William had tried—and failed. Lady Hamilton then took a hand in it, and induced the Queen to influence the King to break his country's neutrality.

As a result, Nelson was able to catch up with Napoleon in the Bay of Aboukir and there fight the battle that ended Napoleon's dream of Eastern conquest.

But, that day, the British hero won more than a sea victory. He won the heart of Lady Hamilton, the woman who had made it possible. For the first time, Emma was truly, selflessly in love. She became Nelson's mistress.

Their great love made them careless of the strictures of polite society. Nelson was criticised for "parading his illicit amour before the world, humiliating his wife and friends." And Emma was cruelly attacked by pamphleteers and caricaturists.

by
REX LOPEZ

Their conduct became a social scandal. Emma gave birth to Nelson's child, a daughter they called Horatia.

But their happiness was short-lived. Nelson was killed at the Battle of Trafalgar. Before his death, he had written: "I leave Emma Lady Hamilton a legacy to my king and country."

But neither king nor country accepted the legacy.

Emma's husband, who might have taken her back, had died before Nelson. She had no money, no income, and no influential friends. Gradually, all she had won slipped away from her, and in 1812 she was imprisoned for debt.

When she was released, she went to live at Calais. There, on January 15, 1815, she died, friendless and poverty-stricken.



Nelson won more than a great victory; he won the heart of Emma Hamilton, who made it possible.

B.O.A.C.

PROUDLY ANNOUNCES TWO GREAT EVENTS
FOR APRIL 1959 . . .

COMET 4 JETLINERS ON THE EASTERN ROUTES

On 3rd April the first Comet 4 jetliner to operate BOAC's Far Eastern Services will touch down in Hong Kong, thereby opening a new era in air travel to the Orient.

Fast . . . smooth . . . vibrationless . . . the incomparable Comet 4 will bring you supreme jet comfort between Hong Kong and Great Britain, by way of the Far East, India, Pakistan, the Middle East and Europe—and also to Japan.

Fly with the speed and restful calm that only jet travel can provide. Let all your future journeys be jet trips. Fly by BOAC Comet 4.



ACROSS THE PACIFIC
TO THE U.S.A.

TRANS-PACIFIC SERVICES TO THE U.S.A.

3rd April will also be the arrival date in Hong Kong of BOAC's first trans-Pacific service. Inauguration of this new service means that you will be able to fly swiftly and effortlessly by jet-prop' airliner, first to Tokyo, and then across the Pacific to Honolulu, San Francisco and New York—and on across the Atlantic, to London if you wish—on one aircraft all the way!

*Subject to Government approval

BOAC's Comet 4 and trans-Pacific services will offer the best in air travel—jet travel, plus comfort, good food and personal attention in the world-renowned BOAC tradition.

BOOK NOW!

See your Travel Agent or Jardine's Airways Department. Tel. 27711/2 (24 hour service)

B.O.A.C.

WORLD LEADER IN JET TRAVEL

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

JACOBY on BRIDGE

IN the Jacoby transfer bid the response of two diamonds to the opening no-trump shows a heart suit and demands that the center rebid in hearts. The two-heart response shows a spade suit and demands a spade rebid while the two-spade response is the transfer to clubs and the three-club response the transfer to diamonds.

If responder wants to play the hand in diamonds, hearts or spades he can bid three immediately in that suit. These last responses are all made with

NORTH		6	
♠ 32			
♥ K98754			
♦ 62			
♣ J84			
WEST		EAST	
♠ KJ7		♠ 10865	
♥ Q103		♥ 62	
♦ A854		♦ QJ10	
♣ A107		♣ Q532	
SOUTH (D)			
♠ AQD4			
♥ AJ			
♦ K783			
♣ K98			
No one vulnerable			
South	West	North	East
1NT	Pass	2♦	Pass
2♥	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—Anything			

strong hands only and are game-forcing bids.

Now take a look at the North hand. Your partner opens one no-trump and you see that the hand will do better in hearts than in no-trump. If you are playing normal bidding with two hearts as a sign-off you can bid two hearts but sometimes your partner won't respect your sign-off. Playing the transfer bid you simply bid two diamonds. Your partner bids two hearts dutifully and is annoyed when you pass but pleased when he sees the dummy.

South will make two or maybe even three hearts. West has to open something and his lead will cost him a trick. If North is declarer East will open the queen of diamonds and set the hand against any normal method of play.

♥♦CARD SUITS

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1NT Pass 2♦ Pass
You, South, hold:
432 VK98754, 653 AKJS
You are playing the Jacoby transfer bid. What do you do?
A—Bid two diamonds. You are on your way to a heart game but want your partner to be declarer so that the lead will come up to him.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You are still playing the Jacoby transfer bid and again your partner has opened one no-trump. You hold:
AKS A WAYS 8-6 4-3 10-9
What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN

Although the Max Lange Attack may be theoretically defensible, in practice Black usually falls into an overwhelming attack, as in the following game (by Wolf v. Bogy). 1. e4 e5 2. f4 exf4 3. Kf3 Kf5 4. P-Q4 P-K5 5. Q-O-B4 6. P-K6 P-Q4 7. P-K4 P-B4 8. B-K2 ch K-B1 9. B-K5 P-KP 10. B-B6 ch K-K1 11. K-B3 B-B4 12. K-K4 B-KB1 13. Q-Q2 B-K8 14. B-K5 K-KB 15. Q-B3 ch K-K4 16. K-K4 B-K8 17. R-KB K-K4 18. R-K1 B-K8 19. K-B3 Q-B1 20. Q-K4 ch

Solution No. 554: 1st—Q8 (thru) 2. B-K2 3. R-Q8 4. Q-F 5. R-K8 6. B-KP 7. B-KP 8. R-K8 9. R-K8 10. R-K8 11. R-K8 12. R-K8 13. R-K8 14. R-K8 15. R-K8 16. R-K8 17. R-K8 18. R-K8 19. R-K8 20. R-K8

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

IT'S A DREAM IN GLASS

CREATING—EVEN
WHEN YOU ARE
CRAMPED—THAT
SENSE OF SPACE

OPEN-PLAN LIVING... merging one room with another... practical, spacious... and, on the right, open living at its sophisticated best. Dining-room and kitchen adjoin and from the sitting-room an overwhelming impression of light. Ceilings are white, walls are white. One entire wall is glass, opening out on to a garden patio. An illusion of space and more space...



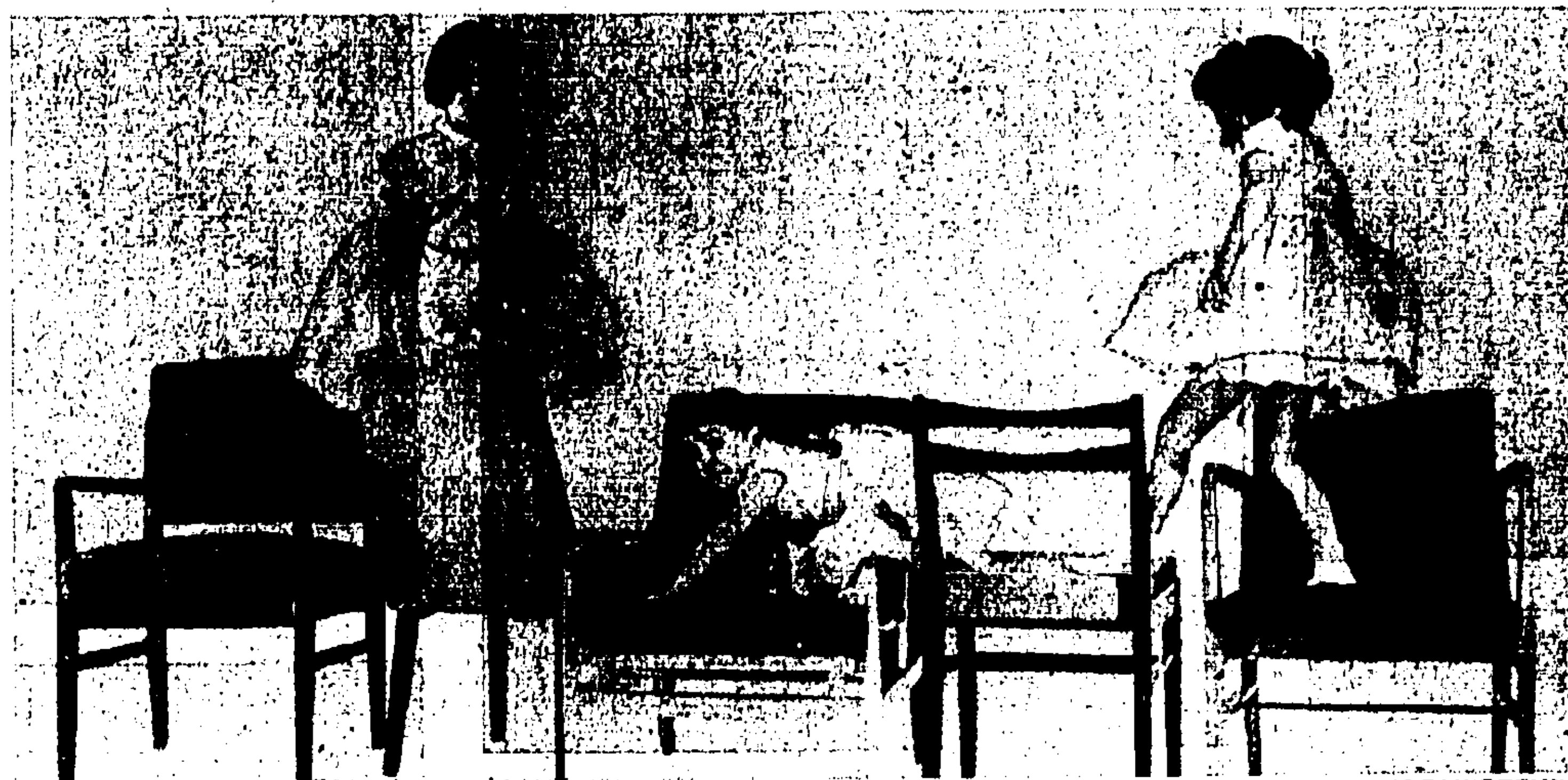
PICTURE BY EXPRESS CAMERAMAN VICTOR BLACKMAN.

AND NOW, STILL ON THE THEME OF SENSIBLE SOPHISTICATION...

IT'S A DREAM IN NYLON

CREATING—EVEN WITH A FAMILY
—THAT SENSE OF ELEGANCE

NYLON... it's bringing about a quiet revolution in household fabrics. You can sleep on it, walk on it and, if you're a child, you can prance on it. Nylon sheets are smooth and soft, nylon chair covers supple and tough... you can sponge them, they're drip-dry... and for a growing family it combines wear with elegance.



PICTURE BY KENNETH GOLDSWORTHY.

FOR '59 there's the dual-purpose room... a room made to order to fit your way of life. A room that makes simple living a luxury.

OUT: The dual-purpose room as a space saver.

IN: The dual-purpose room as a climax to comfort.

If you can't afford outside help then turn decorator and convert the rooms yourself. There are so many variations on the dual-purpose theme that no matter how you live you can dream up a two-room combination to make your home warmer.

THEY FOLLOW

Says young decorator-designer David Hicks: "Decorating fads follow fashion fads." And I see this mixing and matching of rooms as a direct result.

Mr. Hicks's prize dual-purpose room is a dining-living room in the flat of Mr. and Mrs. Vidal Sassoon. Key to its con-

version is a Napoleon marble coffee-cum-dining table just 18in. high.

Mr. and Mrs. Sassoon's dinner guests sit on cushions on the floor to eat.

The room is done in neutrals—white, cream, sandalwood and brown—with one bright touch: an orange silk cushion.

"Monotone," decorating is another fashion follow-up said Mr. Hicks. "Remember when

women were wearing one-colour ensembles?

IN MARBLE

Rally driver Lorna Doon Snow is of the do-it-yourself school. She decorated her luxury bathroom-dressing room with expensive ideas and a restricted budget.

"I may have Sicilian robe, aurore marble round my bath and washbasin," she said, "but

I picked up the pieces from the marble mason's yard myself, and brought them home in the boot of my car."

"I got the rose carpeting on sale. And that handmade wallpaper though it comes from Paris, was quite inexpensive."

Besides bathing and dressing in her dual-purpose room, Mrs. Snow watches TV (from her bath); reads (from a Victorian button-pushed 'chair') and makes her morning tea.

London Express Service.

Oh, What A Night With Prince Igor

Paris. DON'T tell me ever again that men are good managers. At a fashion show it was announced that the vendeuses (sales ladies) were now young society men, including the inevitable Russian prince.

In this case Prince Igor Podolsky.

Poor Igor! He fell down badly along with his pals Jean-Pierre, Andre-Georges, Jean-Paul and Pierre.

Faced by a determined crowd of about 1,000 spectators, they paled and retreated—leaving the

salon to real Marx Bros. confusion.

A few vendeuses of the old dragon school could soon have got things under control.

Cause of all the excitement and clicking cameras was the first collection of Robert Crr, a 30-year-old blond, blue-eyed Frenchman just back from working in Rio de Janeiro to take over the traditional house of Bruyere in the Place Vendome.

Scrambling

One hour after the collection was due to begin, crowds were still milling around the salon looking for chairs, jamming the

By EILEEN ASCROFT

staircase, scrambling for champagne and stubbing out their cigarettes among the azuleos.

Having rung in advance to book my seat and been assured that I was "bien placee," eventually I found a small corner to stand, kick off my shoes and enjoy the fun.

I was enchanted to see a usually pampered representative of the very glossy magazines accommodated on a tin stool with an unaccountable hole in the middle of it.

Then a cry went up that a Minister's wife was "deranged," and another stool was found for this lady with curious pink hair and dripping in ink.

Two resounding blows on a huge gong restored some sort of order, and a dreamy male voice announced: "The mode is like love—it must last a long time."

After informing us that Mr. Crr's intention was to "liberate the feminine," the microphone gave up and dissolved into splutters.

Dior's once-famous mannequin Lucky opened the show in a not-fat-off-the-ankle dress

of mauve, and waving a mauve and white chiffon parasol. Her next walking outfit was in black and white checks studded with sequins.

Even Lucky's lovely face lost its charm under her heavy Japanese style wig.

The clothes themselves it would be kinder not to describe: somewhere between a vicarage garden tea party and a nightclub spectacle, with black leather skirts and white sharkskin dresses slit to show matching pants beneath.

After only a few models the fight to get out began.

No longer penned in my corner, I ended up with a choice of front seats.

If this is an example of French high fashion the sooner the Crazy Gang get in on the joke the better.

After 10 days of serious fashion reporting I, for one, welcomed the light relief. And I haven't laughed so much since that delicious, daffy French film Monsieur Hulot's Holiday.

—(London Express Service).

Country Clothes



By VERA WINSTON

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If you can't afford too many toys for the children, or if you can give some away to make room for others, paint up the old ones to look like new. Sand wooden toys smooth first.

If you are in the habit of carrying heavy objects in the same arm day after day, stop it! Raised or lowered shoulders often result from this practice.

Train yourself to use both arms alternately for as many chores as possible.

The easy way to make slip covers for straight chair backs is to pin the material together on the chair, with the right side toward the chair. Then sew, turn and slip it place.

Highly polished furniture often "galls."

To restore its gloss, rub with the grain of the wood, using a piece of clean cheesecloth dampened with liquid wax; then use furniture polish.

Add distinction to an ordinary chest of drawers or buffet by affixing some of the new ceramic and cloisonne drawer pulls, which come in rich and unusual designs.

When the sides of a rubber hot water bottle become stuck together, pour in some hot water to which a few drops of ammonia have been added. Leave it to soak for two or three minutes then work the sides gradually apart with a pencil.

For removing any dried-up paint spots from shoes, moisten the sulphur ends of matches and simply rub off the paint.

What The Men Are Wearing

HAVE you gone shopping with any of the men in your family lately?

Probably not, from what we hear. Seems that men have gone back to selecting their own clothes. Whether they admit it or not, they have begun to look around for high fashion in men's wear departments and shops and they don't want any kibitzing from the women.

LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING!

They've had their good laugh about our sack and chemise styles, but just look what THEY're going in for now! The loose-hanging hip-length shaggy jacket that's about as close to anything could get to be worn with crumpled, cuffless stovepipe slacks!

Well, at least they are going in for washable fabrics this year, such as corduroys and other cottons.

One of the new fashions in shirts for the school crowd is a bold-striped cotton with wide waistband and slightly bloused silhouette.

By ELEANOR ROSS

And then there are the new sweater fashions! Have you noticed that our men, young and old, are taking back the bulky sweaters we women have enjoyed for so many seasons?

Just to show us how fashion-conscious men are becoming, these new masculine sweaters have all sorts of style notes. Boat necks, crew necks, raglan sleeves, thick bulky textures are all represented.

One of the bulky crew-neck models being seen around zips open to become a cardigan.

How's that for style? Needless to say, the school crowd will live in those rumpled sweaters this winter, but so will Father when he relaxes at home.

Don't mind if he treats himself to several. Nothing could

be simpler to take care of. They are loose, shapeless and made of wool or synthetic blends. They wash quickly and easily, and they're very smart.

LOOK AT LABELS

But be sure to look at the sweater labels, for some of the blends contain more wool than the synthetic variety. Wool naturally takes a bit more care, though rarely do you have to worry about blocking a sweater these days. Usually, there's enough material synthetic involved to make blocking unnecessary.

Don't let the thick texture, such as wool fibres blended with mohair, frighten you. Just wash with enough suds, watch your water temperature, and you're safe.

Stretch sweaters out on clean Turkish towels in dry if the perspiration is largely on the outside. Otherwise just put them in the automatic dryer and set it for the temperature recommended by the manufacturer.

Watch your beauty born anew!



Helena Rubinstein
Skin Life
TURGOSMON

Biological Anti-Wrinkle Treatment

SKIN LIFE—the name exactly describes this revolutionary new treatment—the first youth-action preparations which actually condition the skin as they are applied, so that your cells absorb vitalizing nourishment instantaneously, renew themselves with fresh vitality. With Skin Life Turgosmon, skin cells become more supple because they hold more natural moisture. Youthfulness is restored as natural oil secretions increase. Your skin becomes "plumped-out" again, looks years younger.

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the aged and
convalescent.

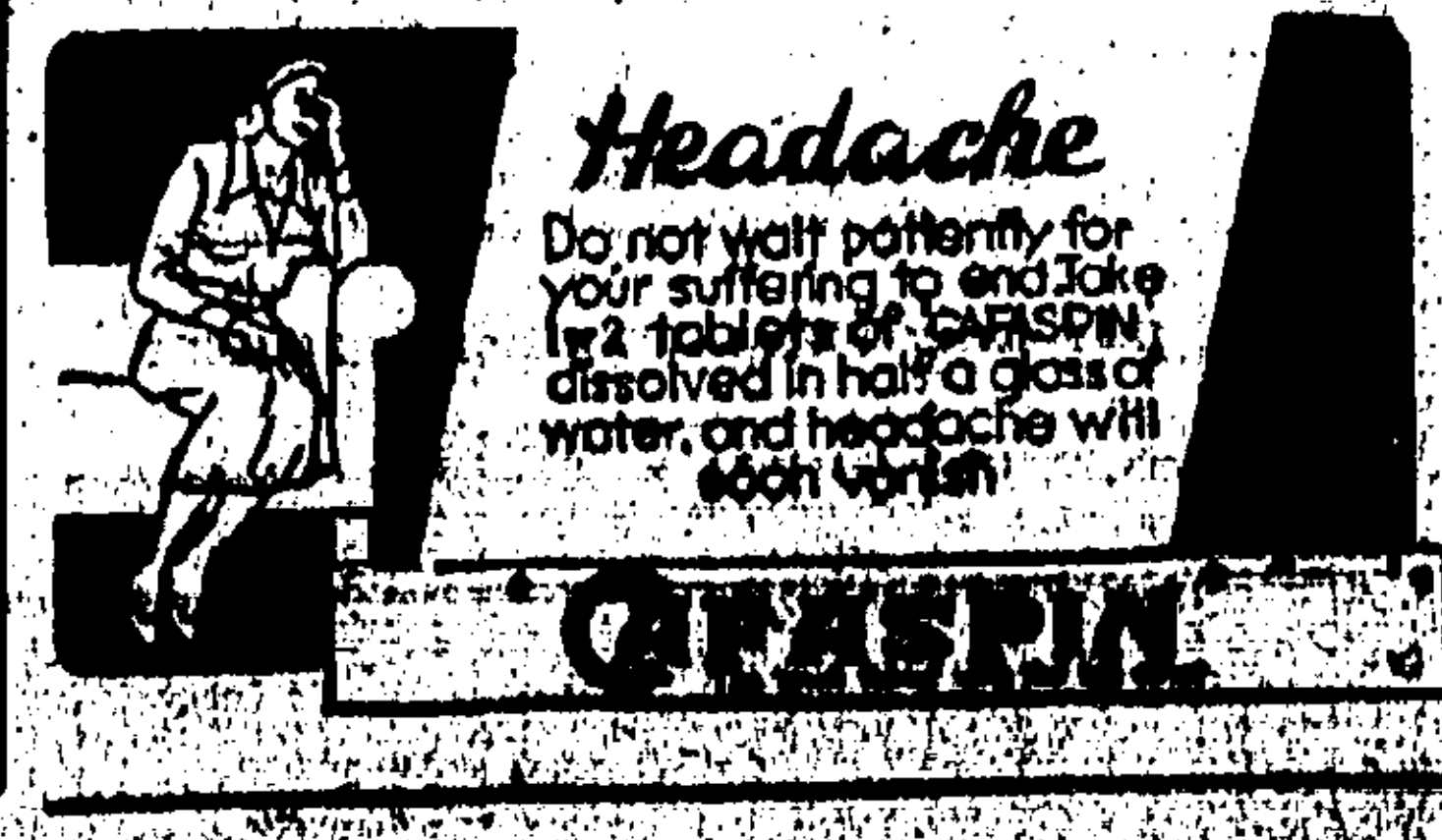
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love Nestum
The easy-to-eat
cereal flakes

Made from a blend of pre-cooked cereals, enriched with B vitamins and mineral salts, NESTUM is the ideal first solid food for infants. It is also a delicious breakfast food as well as a substantial evening meal for school children and adults.



No cooking,
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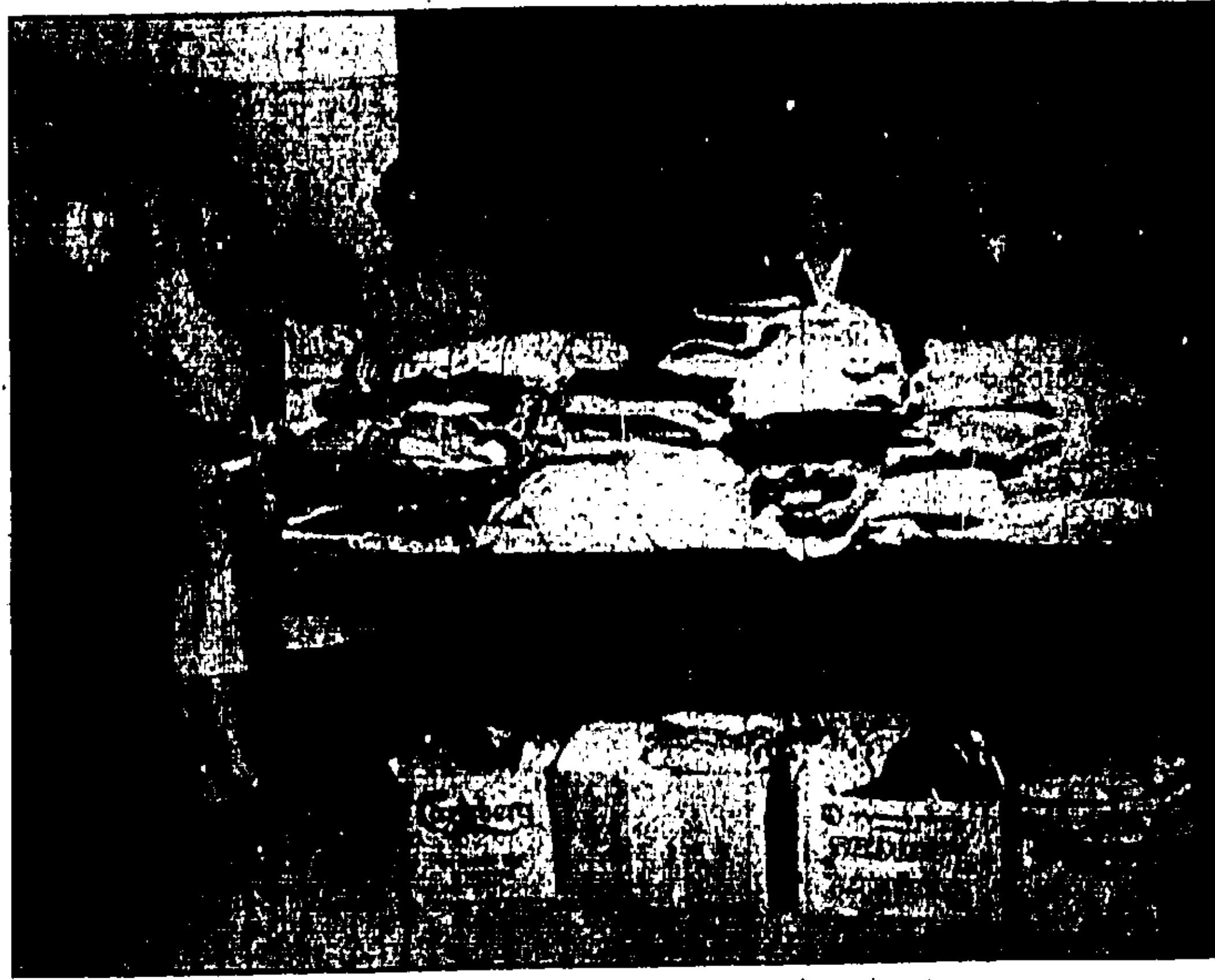
Nestum



Headache

Do not wait patiently for your suffering to end. Take 1 or 2 tablets of CASALIN dissolved in half a glass of water, and headache will soon vanish!

CASALIN



ABOVE: The Royal Signals Wives' Club recently donated clothing and money to the Salvation Army to be distributed to the poor during Chinese New Year. Col. F. E. Jowkes (left) received the donations at the home of the President of the Club, Mrs. P. E. S. Mansergh (second from left), wife of the Commanding Officer, Royal Signals Regiment, Hong Kong.

★
RIGHT: Miss Helen McSwiney, Deputy Chief Girl Guide Commissioner for Overseas Commonwealth Headquarters (left) chats with Mrs. A. Hooton, Colony Commissioner, at Sandilands Hut last week.



ABOVE: The Society for the Protection of Children recently gave the last of a series of six parties for poor families during the Chinese New Year. Seen is Miss Graham-Cumming presenting food to a mother of four.



ABOVE: H.E. the Governor, Sir Robert Black, chats with officials of the Northcote Training College during his visit there last week, when he was told of detailed plans for the College's expansion.

★
★
★
BELOW: Mr and Mrs Wallace Landolt pose for the photographer shortly after their wedding at Rosary Church in Kowloon. The bride is the former Miss Mary Winyard. A reception was given at the Kowloon Cricket Club afterwards.



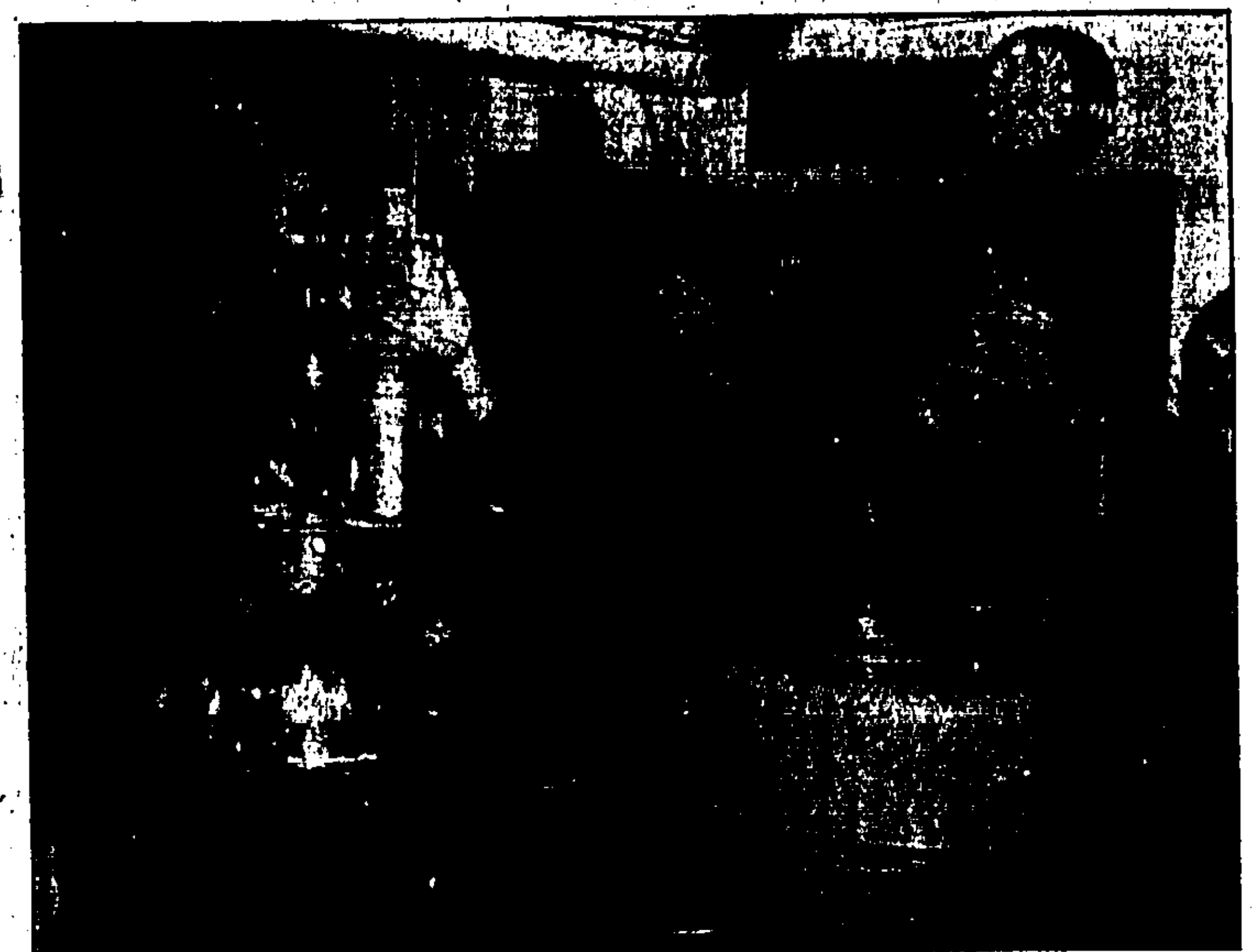
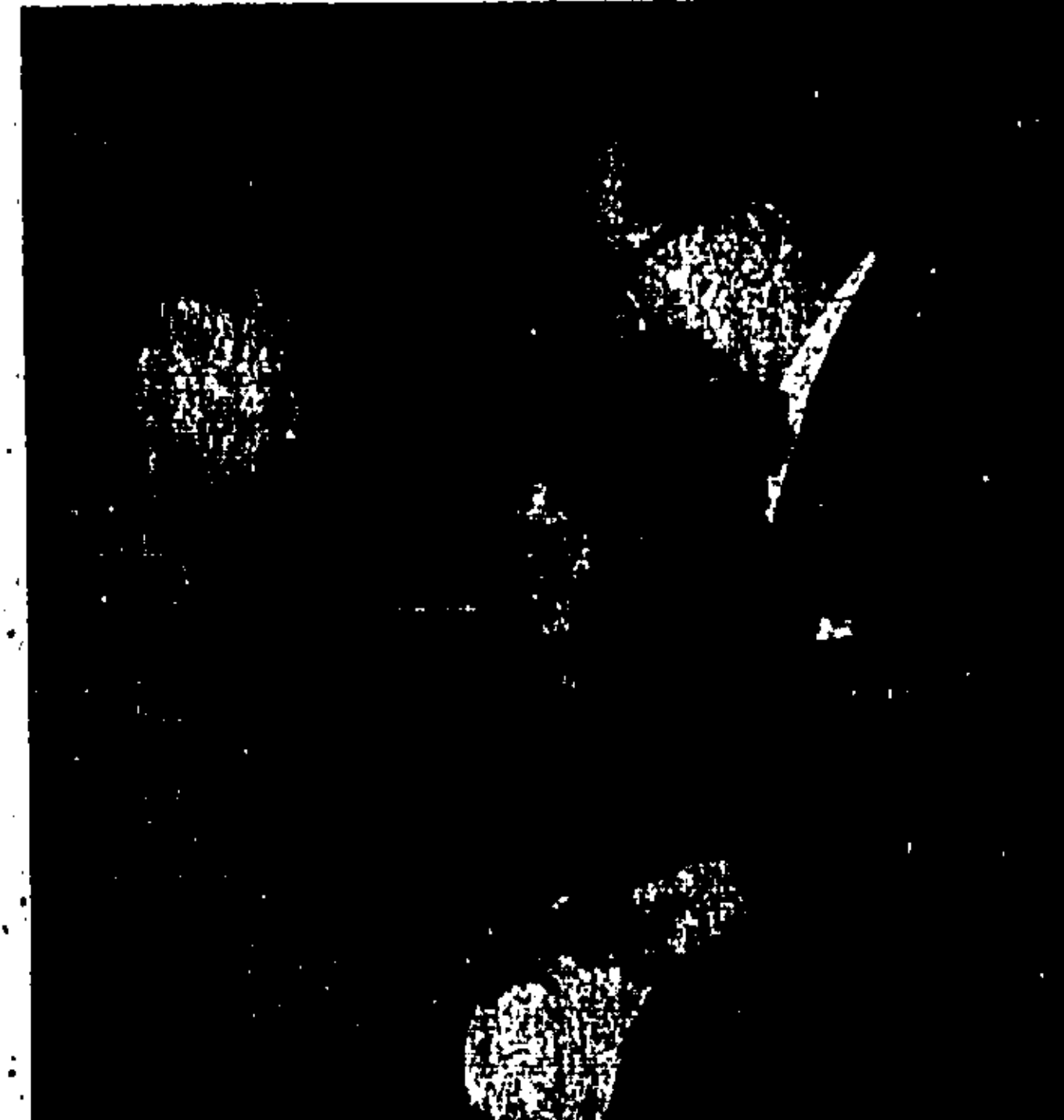
★
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★
ABOVE: Lady Black, wife of H.E. the Governor, accepts a bouquet shortly after laying the foundation stone of the Saiyungpun Polyclinic last week, a new eight-storey building which will provide specialist consultant services in addition to normal out-patient work.



ABOVE: Seen at the annual ball of the Engineering Society of the University of Hong Kong last week are (l-r): Mr Yong Kong-weng, Mrs S. Mackey and Mrs F. E. Stock.

★
LEFT: The Hon. C. E. M. Terry, Chairman of the Hongkong Society of the Blind, recently gave red packets of money to 30 blind trainees at the Vocational Training Centre for the Blind in Saiyungpun.

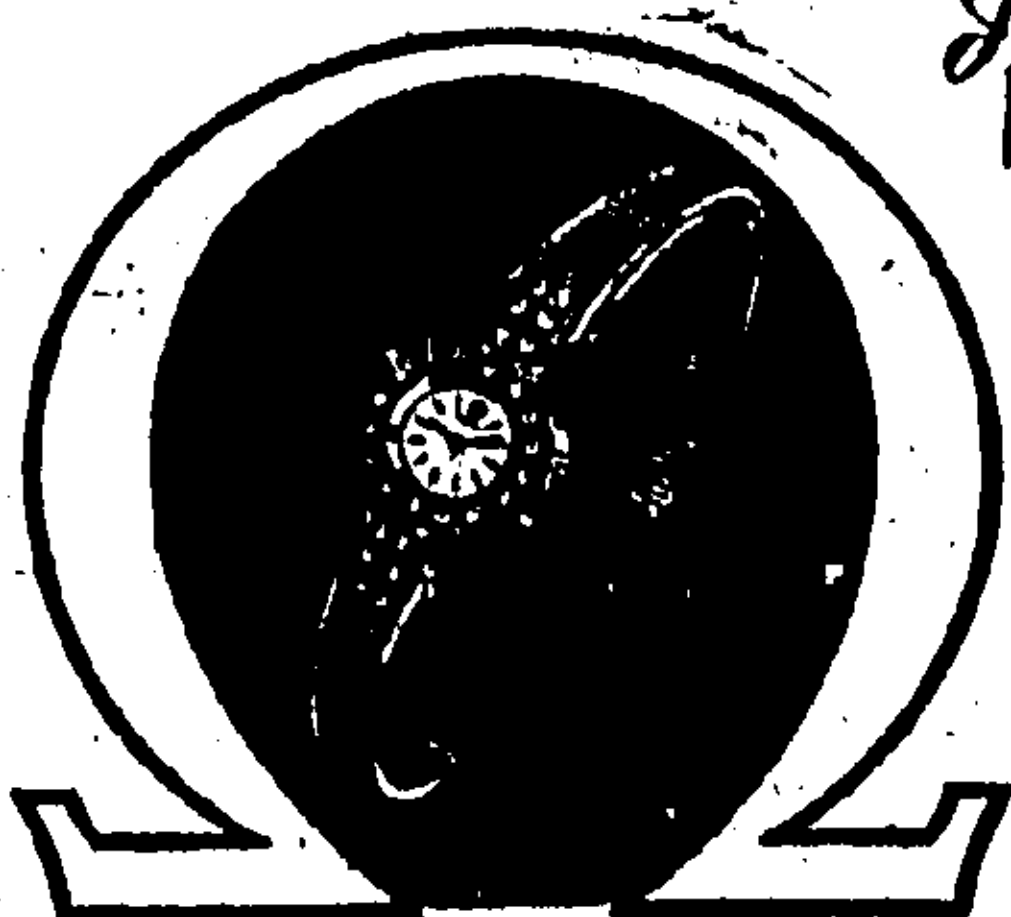
★
BELOW: Guests at a cocktail party on board the 19,206-ton vessel RMS Arundel Castle visit the ship's bridge for the last time. She is to be broken up for scrap. The party was given by the Chiap Hua Manufactory Company.



BELOW: The President of St. George's Society, Mr. W. Stoker, chats with Sir Robert Black during the Society's annual ball held at the Peninsula Hotel last week. They are flanked by Mrs. Stoker (left) and Lady Black.

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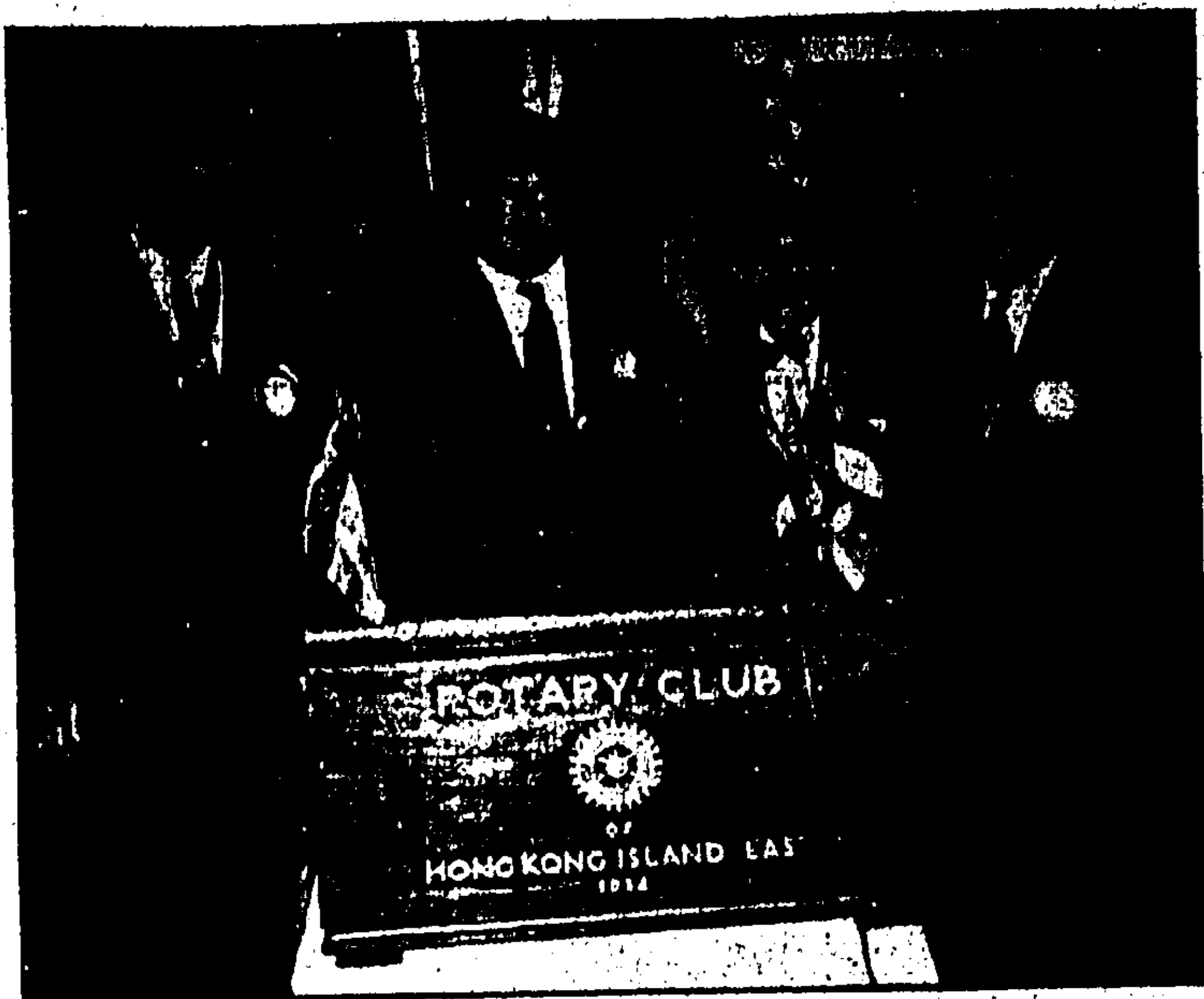
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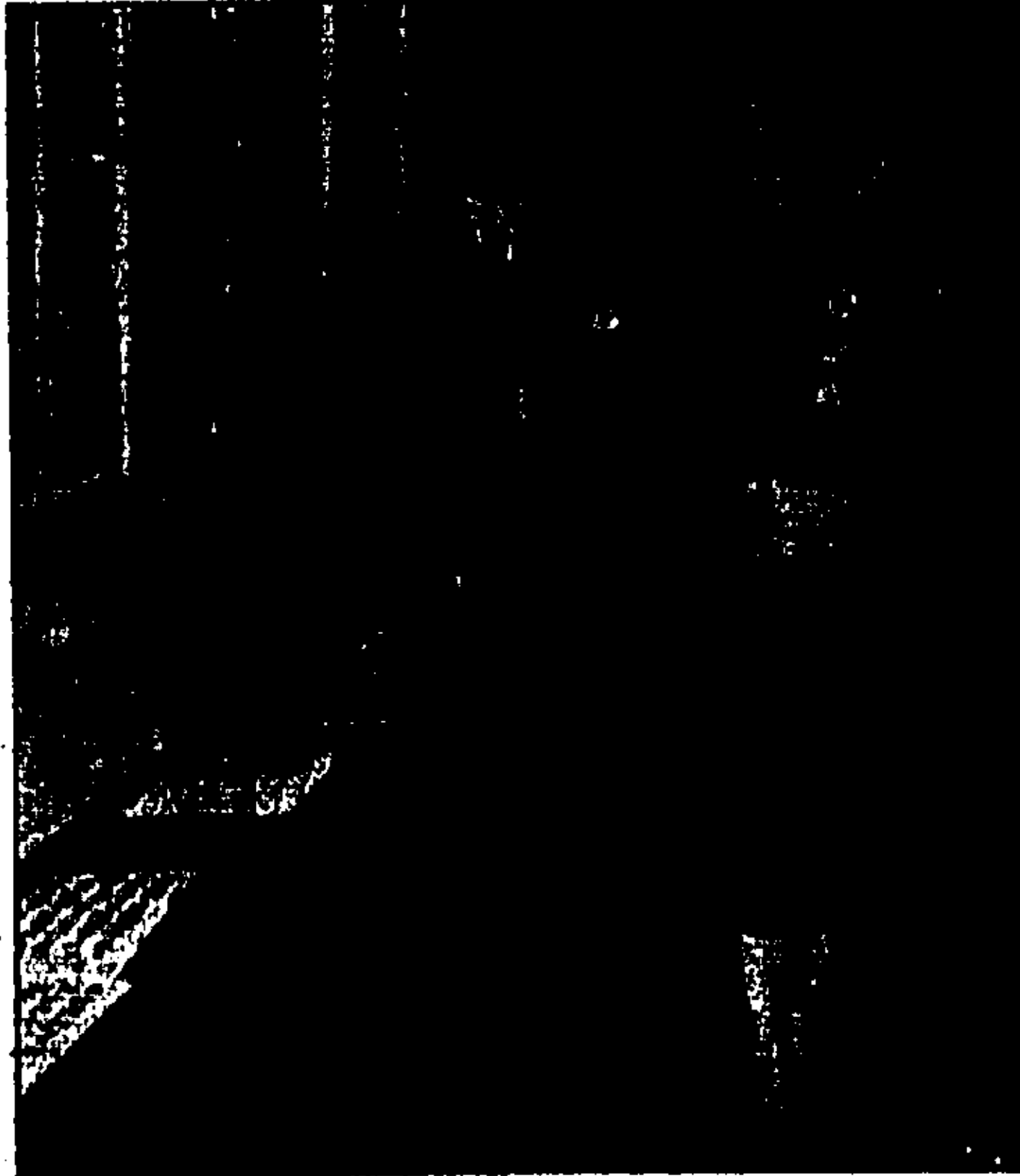
Engineering Dept.

742-24131



ABOVE: Mr Brian Platt (second from left) poses with officers of the Rotary Club, Hongkong Island East, after he gave a luncheon talk on the problems he faced in designing and constructing the three-masted junk he will soon attempt to sail across the Pacific.

★
RIGHT: H.E. the Governor, Sir Robert Black, watches the cooking in the kitchens of the Home for the Aged, during a visit this week. The Home is run by the Little Sisters of the Poor.

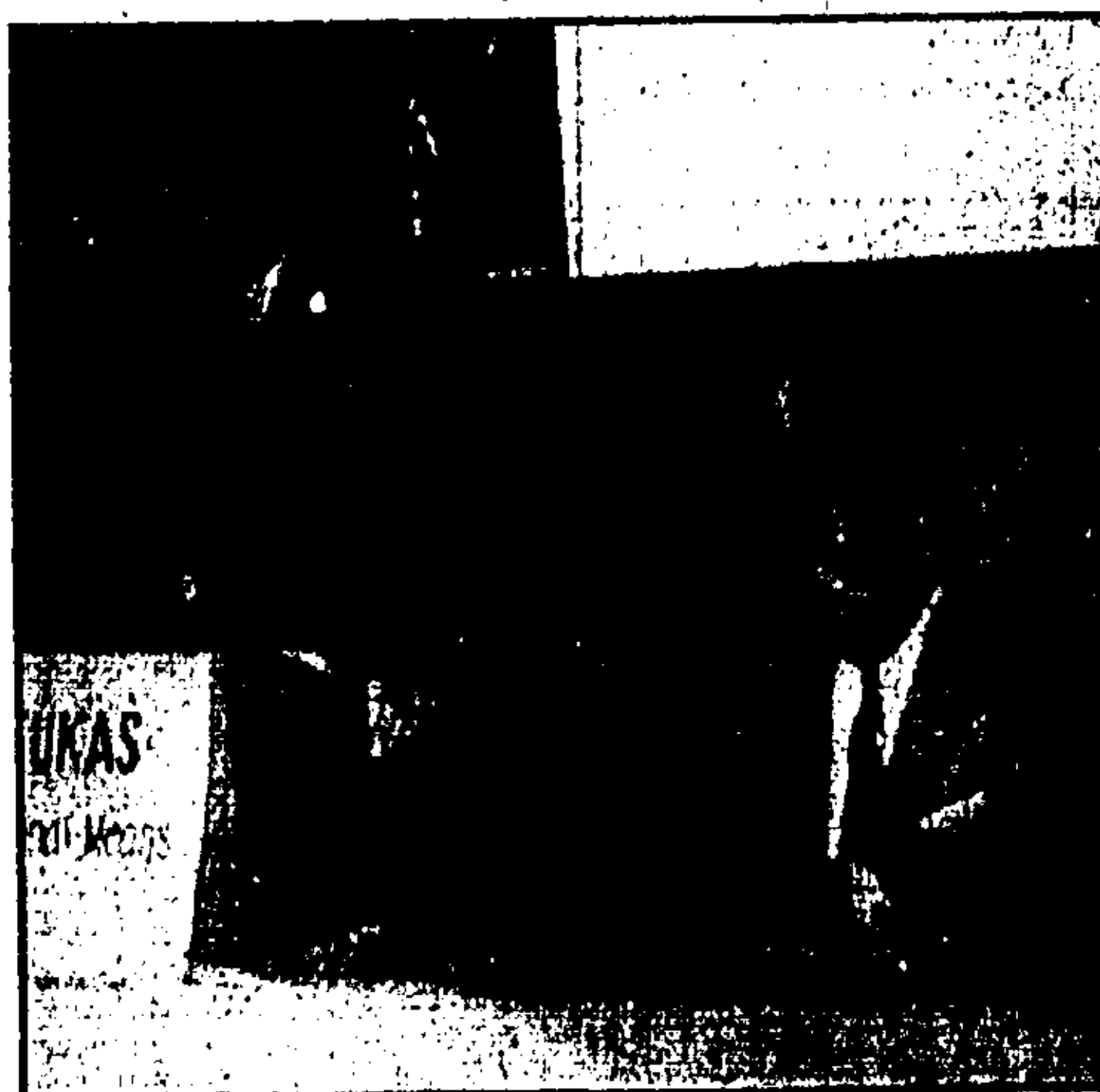


ABOVE: The Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau and Lady Chau inspect the art exhibition they earlier declared open at St John's Cathedral Hall. The display of drawings and calligraphy was organised by the Tung Kun General Chamber of Commerce and Industries in conjunction with its 50th anniversary celebrations.



ABOVE: Mr R. M. Thwaites, Managing Director of P & O, signs the guest list during a dinner given in honour of import and export merchants in Hongkong.

★
BELOW: Col. J.D. Clague addressing delegates of the National Sales Executives International conference at the Paramount Restaurant on Friday, at which he asked the American representatives to "Put Hongkong's case to America."



ABOVE: All set for an ear-splitting, soul-satisfying bang are these children—some of thousands who ushered in the Year of the Pig last week with the traditional Chinese custom of setting off fire-crackers.

★

BELOW: Team "C"—56 Coy RASC pose with their trophies after the Royal Army Service Corps annual sports meet at Boundary Street this week.



ABOVE: Mr John R. Combe, BOAC Sales Manager, N.E. Asia, Hongkong (left) welcomes Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the British Broadcasting Corporation, and Lady Jacob, who arrived at Kai Tak Airport on Thursday in the course of a world tour.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: Mr and Mrs Nathaniel Kennedy pose with relatives and attendants shortly after their wedding at St Teresa's Church, Kowloon, recently. The bride is the former Miss Tracy Christiana Brown.—(Edward Yick Photo).

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ANYWHERE!



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★ ★ ★
ABOVE: Some of the children who will dance for the Duke of Edinburgh when he visits Hongkong next month. The rehearsal was held on Thursday by the Boys' and Girls' Clubs' Association at its headquarters in Wanchai.



**APPEARING
TONIGHT!**

The Swing Kings

Rhythm Group

from
8.30 — 2 p.m.
at

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX



1st FLOOR, MANSON HOUSE
NATHAN ROAD,
KOWLOON



PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



TAKE-IT-EASY-COOKS

The Ambassador's daughter serves up a scorcher...

by HELEN BURKE

ONE evening in the early days of my housekeeping, while the meal was still young and I had already made several "disappearances" from the dining-room, a guest stood up, draped his napkin over his arm and said: "Each time you rise, I will, too." That taught me a lesson I have never forgot.

People do not come to you for what they get to eat, they want your company, but they will gradually drop out if you take no trouble at all with the meals you serve.

Laila Spence, wife of Kenneth Spence, director of a City firm of grain merchants, agrees.

As she does not go out to business, she can cook early on the day itself and can shop, of course, a day beforehand.

A traveller

Until her marriage six months ago, Laila travelled round the world with her father, Sir Andrew Noble, who is now the British Ambassador to Mexico and was previously in Poland, Finland, the Argentine and China.

For her dinner party for four last week, Laila decided on Bisque Homard, Chicken Almond Curry and Choux à la Creme, which we would describe as cream buns with hot chocolate sauce.

"Like your 'other' guests I like to take it easy," Laila said, "but I do want my friends to know that I have taken some trouble for them."

Well, that is pride of the right sort.

We discussed the meal and I was concerned only with the curry, because there are curries and curries and so many are frowned upon by curry chefs.

The sauce was the worry. For this, I had a special recipe given to me years ago by the best Indian chef I know. But he did not use a ready-mixed curry-powder.

Instead, with an agate rolling-pin, he rolled out his own selection of ingredients on an agate "board" and, to him, flour in curry was anathema.

Laila's recipe called for flour. She agreed, however, to omit it, then set off to my favourite spice shop for other ingredients. Her purchases were more exotic than mine might have been.

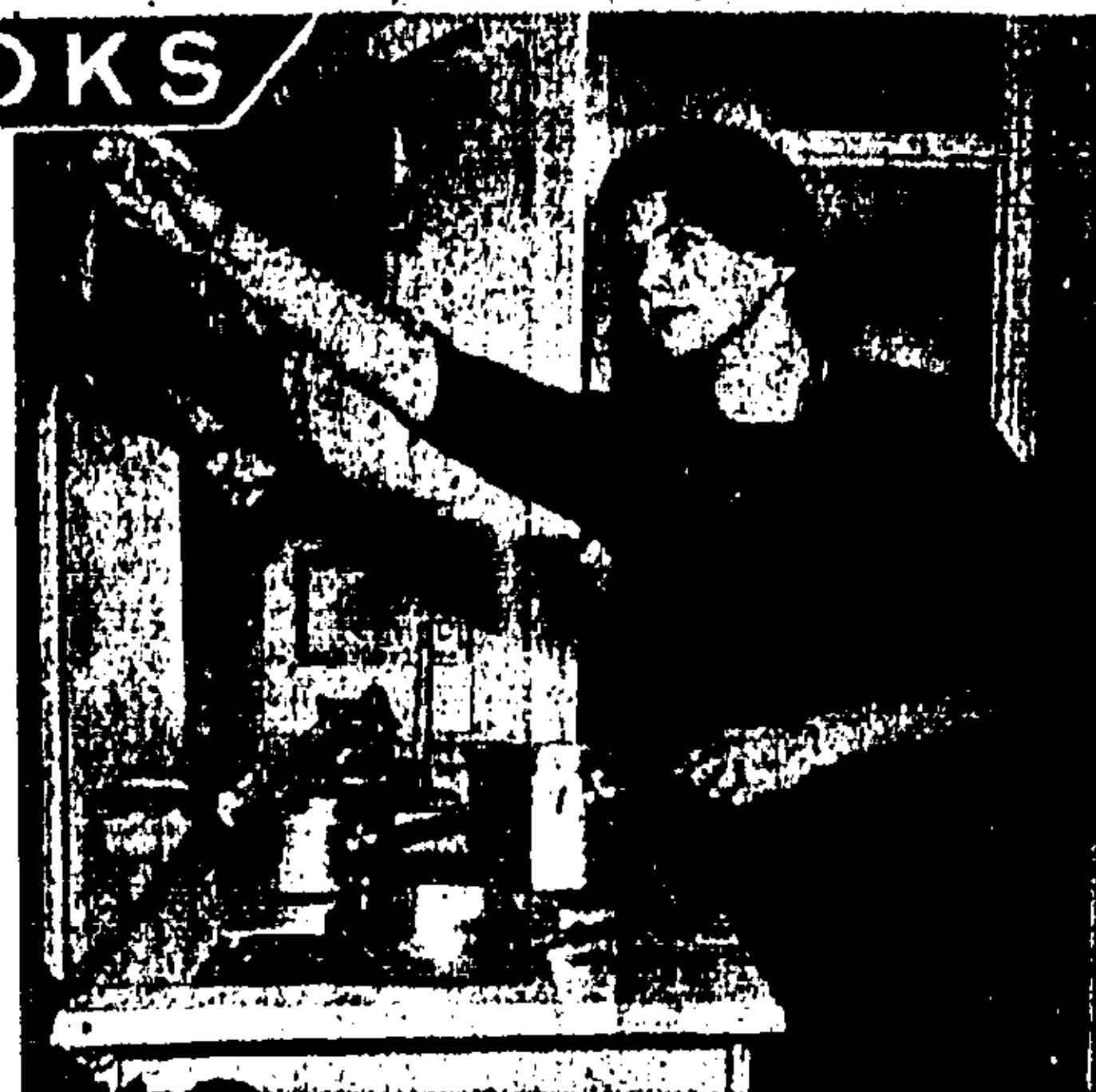
She produced an extras ground almonds, creamed coconut, dried tamarinds, ground coriander seeds, turmeric and long-podded fresh chillies.

For enough chicken almond curry for four persons, gently fry four breasts of chicken (bought packaged) in clarified butter to a pale gold. Meanwhile, cover 1 oz. dried tamarinds with boiling water and leave to infuse.

Very gently cook 4 to 6 oz. chopped onions in 2 oz. butter, without colouring them. Add a finely chopped Bramley seedling apple and a chopped clove of garlic and cook for a minute or so.

Next, work in a teaspoon each of ground coriander seeds and turmeric powder, 2 oz. creamed coconut, salt to taste and 1 to 1½ tablespoons of medium - strong curry-powder. ("A curry should be hot enough to bring out two drops of perspiration on the brow!")

Blend in a tablespoon of tomato puree and stir over the heat. Remove and slowly blend in 1 oz. ground almonds, ¾ pint stock or water and the liquid from the tamarinds. Lastly add the chicken breasts, cut into suitable pieces, and three fresh chillies. Cover and gently simmer for 1½ hours.



LAILA SPENCE... the sauce was the worry.

All was ready well before meal-time.

Laila has since told me that this was the most delicious curry she had ever made and was the right thickness—without flour! I think that the fresh chillies could have been dispensed with or, perhaps, only one used and carefully removed before serving.

Side dishes

Curries are accompanied by all sorts of side dishes. In Laila's case these were Poppadums (a thin pliable wafer made in India) dropped into boiling oil for a few minutes just before serving.

grated apples dressed with lime juice and chopped mint; chopped bananas coated with lemon juice, sliced pineapple, and mango pickle. No Bombay duck (I, too, dislike this dried fish).

Rice is a "must" with curries. Here is Laila's way:

Allow 1½ oz. Patna rice for each serving. Wash and cook for 17 minutes in just enough salted boiling water to cover it. Then wash it in cold water and drain well. To re-heat it she swirls enough butter in a saucepan to coat the inside so that the rice will not stick. She turns the rice into it, covers it with a folded cloth and lets it warm through.

'Quick' lobster

The lobster bisque is very easy to prepare. It is a French packet soup, with full directions on the label. (It can also be bought in cans.) Laila, being inventive, adds to it a

glass of sherry and at the last minute, 2½ to 3 oz. double cream. Wedges of lemon are passed with it.

Her dessert

To "take it easy," most people would buy the cream buns—but not Laila. She made them the day before her party, and all that remained to be done was to fill them with whipped, slightly sweetened vanilla-flavoured double cream.

Here is her recipe: Melt 3oz. butter in 1½ gills water. When the mixture boils, remove it from the heat and drop in 3½ oz. flour. Beat until smooth. Leave to cool to lukewarm, then beat in two large eggs one at a time. The mixture must not be too soft or it will not puff—neither will it if it is too firm.

Drop portions from the tip of a teaspoon on to a greased baking sheet and bake for 25 to 30 minutes in the middle of a fairly hot oven (400 degrees F. or gas mark 6), or until golden brown and firm to the touch. Laila at once cuts a slice off the top of each and next day fills them with the cream.

This hot chocolate sauce is passed with the buns: Break 3 oz. very smooth bitter chocolate into a small bowl standing in a pan of warm water. Add a teaspoon of icing sugar and half a breakfastcup warm water. Leave to melt together. Stir in a hazelnut of butter and heat through. That is all.

I have used this chocolate sauce, which is better than all the fuss-making ones I have met up with.

—(London Express Service).

-A GUIDE TO FURNISHING YOUR HOME IN 1959

The Cosy Look—I See It Coming Back

FOR 10 days the British public had a chance, at Earls Court, to examine the lines, the colours and the shapes that the furniture trade proposes for them in 1959.

Ten years ago it seemed safe to predict that the British, once enthusiastically embarked on "contemporary" furniture, would be faithful to it.

The leading firms switched to it, talented young designers came forward and did their best for it, leading stores filled up their windows with Scandinavian furniture and called on the British to admire it, the leading home glossy preached modern, and all the women's magazines followed it.

Functional

Anything made in stark uncomfortable lines, anything patterned with squares, triangles and African sculpture motifs, any blend of bright colours such as red, yellow, white, black, lime-green, anything gloomily functional or aggressively uncomfortable was trustily accepted as "contemporary."

And there was a funny look to it. Furniture makers, casting around for a new idea, fastened on it, gave their chairs spindly legs and fell in love with right angles; hung out their chintzes and bought up dismal maquette in abstract patterns.

But as designer, Christopher Heal said: "People are beginning now to see how hollow the thing termed contemporary was, how shoddy it was, and how badly it has been done."

"What they want now is something with a positive idea behind it, and fewer of the conventional gimmicks. Furniture is a serious business."

Significant

Today it seems much less certain that "contemporary" is all that people want. The reaction towards a more Victorian degree of comfort and coziness; the alacrity with which the public responds to rose-purpled chintzes and Regency striped wallpaper; the desire for a kitchen that spells homeliness, warmth and good food rather than clinical efficiency—all these are significant straws in the wind.

Why has this happened? There are several reasons: chiefly, it seems to me, because the contemporary was, how shoddy it was, and how badly it has been done.

It is difficult to see where "contemporary" was, how shoddy it was, and how badly it has been done.

Vivid colours

It is difficult to see where "contemporary" was, how shoddy it was, and how badly it has been done.

NEW—and here to stay

HERE are some new ideas in furniture which are likely to stay with us:

THE FOOTREST: That old-fashioned pouffe turns up in a new square form, designed as a lazy man's extension to a deep armchair, or extra seating on its own.

THE CONVERTIBLE: It has lost that glow-away look of two water mattresses on top of each other, and turns up looking like a day-bed; or a plain couch with a back that swings over out of the way.

THE DROP-IN WASHBASIN: Obvious idea for a bedroom, to be incorporated in a long shelf. **UNIT FURNITURE:** More and more of it this year. At the price end, for hi-fi enthusiasts, a splendid range of mahogany you can have individually designed for your room, with cupboards for TV and record-players, twin loud-speakers for stereophonic sound, record cabinets.

Not so pricey, the multi-width range, with every piece made in seven widths. Designs include an excellent sideboard, desk and bookcase.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14

BORN today you are essentially an outdoors person. You love nature, all animals, and seem to be able to make friends with the wild folk of the woods. This may be because your constitution to function well, needs a large quota of fresh air and sunshine. You also have a rather religious nature and you seem to feel you are nearer the spiritual life when away from the turmoil of urban living.

You have high standards and are quite critical of those who do not adhere to what you believe is right. With you there can be no compromise between right and wrong. This may appear to make you a rather austere person, but this is not quite the entire story. You may be aloof to casual acquaintances, but to those whom you know intimately you are warm-hearted and affectionate.

There is quite a bit of the reformer in your make-up, but since you have progressive ideas and are original in your approach to everything, you are likely to come up with some very novel solutions for an old problem. You have a dignified approach and, as you grow older, people will look to you for help and advice.

Among those born on this date are: Ida Lupino, actress; John Herman Randall Jr., author and philosopher; George Jean Nathan, critic, author and editor; Juliet Corson, reformer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This has been a hectic week, so relax (tensative) today. Get some health-restoring rest.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—To give yourself for a strenuous two weeks ahead, build up energies today.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Catch up on your studies if you have been neglecting them of late. Concentrate today.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—If you have been under a nervous strain lately, rest and relax today. Avoid exertion.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Church attendance and a good sermon this morning may give you a much-needed spiritual uplift.

CANCER (June 22-July 21)—Cancerians, take a day off today. You have been working hard and it comes to you.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—After your usual devotional duties, spend the balance of the day in restful recreation.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A friendly gathering of congenial friends can prove inspirational at this time.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Rebuild nervous energy with a complete rest from all workaday problems.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Plan a quiet family gathering at your home and enjoy the day by your own device.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—Make some decisions today that can be put into operation effectively tomorrow.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 19)—Capricornians, spend the day in restful recreation.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15

BORN today the stars have given you exceptional talent in the realm of music which should be developed early in life if you are to make this your life's career. You also must cultivate the habit of hard work, for you are inclined to be a little too self-indulgent. More self-discipline is necessary if you are to reach the heights to which your natural gifts entitle you.

Fond of luxurious living, you enjoy fine clothes, good food and pleasant surroundings. The social life of the tremendous appeal to you and sometimes you find it difficult to forego an invitation when actually you should be working.

You have a great deal of nervous energy and start out with a big bang, but your enthusiasm peters out before a job is finished. Then you'll start something new—and start off with the same rush of energy, only to lose interest again before very long. Concentration to purpose and finishing everything you have begun is a lesson you must learn early in life if you are to reach a substantial success in life.

Although you have a host of casual acquaintances, you will have a very small circle of intimate friends. To these few you will show your natural, genuine self. You actually have a much more serious strain in your nature than you are given credit for. You have an inner life that very few, if any, really know about.

Among those born on this date are: John Barrymore, actor; Mmc. Marcella Sembrich, singer; Charles Lewis Tiffany, merchant; Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, explorer; Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor and manufacturer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Make the most of today and tomorrow to execute an important business deal.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Cultural interests are being highlighted for you today. Make an important discovery.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If your work is in the field of advertising, publicity or selling, this should be your day!

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Concentrate on personal money matters and improve your future outlook in business.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You have two splendid days ahead to get an early start today on some major objective.

CANCER (June 22-July 21)—Cancerians, take a day off today. You have been working hard and it comes to you.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—A day when friendly cooperation will bring unexpected happy results. Get a great deal done.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Meet some important people at a luncheon today. Advance your professional interests.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—News from some distant place may formulate your plans for the next few days. Act wisely.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Give helpful advice in business matters involving a contract to someone who needs help.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 24-Dec. 23)—You will be needed today or you may be accused of interference with other people's affairs.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 24-Jan. 19)—Capricornians, spend the day in restful recreation.



Spanish Flair Gives New Flavour To Food

"LET'S have a Spanish dinner tonight, Madame," said the Chef. "It's just a short walk to the Parnos restaurant where the cuisine is authentic."

"This menu is fascinating, Chef," I said after we were seated. "What taste-appealing dishes, different yet made of familiar foods!"

"Garbanzos beans, appear often. So do rabbits, spicy sausages, chicken, fish and the variety meats. They're all fine foods we should use more often and in more imaginative ways. Here is the menu we enjoyed. I had the Spanish Bean Soup and the Chef had the Tripe Madrileño."

Dinner in Spanish Tradition

Olive-Chick Pen Saladettes. Tripe Madrileño or Spanish Bean Soup. Flaky Rice. Cauliflower. Flan Caramel Custard Cream Coffee.

All measurements are level; recipes for 4 to 6.

Spanish Bean Soup: Dice ½ lb. lean salt pork or bacon. Place in large saucepan with 2 tsp. Spanish olive oil. Add ½ lb. diced chorizo (hot spicy sausage).

Saute until salt pork is half-cooked. Add ½ lb. pre-soaked dry white beans and 3 qts. boiling water.

Simmer 2 hrs., or until beans are soft.

Add 2 lbs. peeled small whole potatoes and 1 lb. diced tender kale or cleaned spinach leaves.

Boil until potatoes are tender. Remove 2 potatoes and mash smooth with 1 tsp. Spanish olive oil. Stir into soup to act as thickening. Simmer 5 min.

Serve with crusty bread. Makes enough for 2 meals.

Tripe Madrileño: Soak 2 lbs. fresh tripe 30 min. In 3 tsp. vinegar and cold water to cover. Discard vinegar-water.

Cover tripe with about 2 qts. fresh cold water. Bring to a boil; cook 15 min.

Add 1 cleaned, split calf's or pig's foot, 1 peeled section garlic, 1 sliced medium onion, 1 tsp. powdered marjoram, 1 tsp. parsley flakes, 1 bay leaf and ½ tsp. salt.

Simmer 3 hrs., or until meat is fork-tender.

Drain, reserving liquid. There should be 2 c.

To finish, cut tripe in bite-sized pieces. Dice meat from calf's or pig's foot.



SPANISH KNOW-HOW lends new flavour to such favourites as a pot of Bean Soup, Flan Caramel Custard, Tripe Madrileño.

In 1/3 c. Spanish olive oil, saute ¼ c. small-diced chorizo (hot spicy sausage), 3 diced slices bacon and 1 c. minced peeled onion.

Add meat, 1 (6 oz.) can tomato paste and 1 diced seeded sweet red pepper. Simmer 10 min.

Add reserved tripe liquid. Simmer at least 1 hr.

Flan Caramel Custard Cream: Melt ½ c. granulated sugar in small heavy fry-pan until it becomes nut-brown liquid.

Immediately divide into 4 (4 oz.) custard cups, allowing 1 c. each to form coating.

Beat 4 eggs with 1/3 c. granulated sugar. Add ¼ c. milk and 1/8 tsp. vanilla.

Ladle into custard cups. Dust with nutmeg. Place in pan of hot water.

Bake 30 min. in moderate oven, 375°F. Chill.

Olive-Chick Pen Saladettes

From the Chef: Dress drained canned chick peas and minced scallions with vinegar, olive oil, salt and pepper. Sprinkle with lemon juice and black or Greek olives.

THE STAR MAKER : continuing the fabulous Darryl Zanuck story

A lion—but Marilyn just ignored it

● The genius of Darryl Francis Zanuck has touched the lives of everyone who goes to the cinema... and it has projected some of Hollywood's greatest stars from obscurity to fame. For instance, there was a girl called Marilyn Monroe...

DARRYL ZANUCK was sitting in his large green-and-gold executive office in the heart of Hollywood's 20th Century-Fox studios.

He was patting a lion. A fully-grown, heavily-maned lion.

Zanuck had adopted him as a pet after he had appeared in a jungle film. He had named him Metty after Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the rival studios whose trade mark is Leo the growling lion.

Zanuck, the incorrigible practical joker, liked to produce Metty at private luncheon parties when the unsuspecting guests were settling down to the meat course.

This afternoon he was waiting to interview a new candidate for stardom.

When Marilyn Monroe was shown in and approached across the vast expanse of marble glistening carpet, Zanuck gave Metty a farewell pat. Metty padded out with his trainer.

Marilyn may have been warned about the eccentric Zanuck and his zoological humour. Or she may have been transfixed by Zanuck, King of the Hollywood jungle. Anyway she gave no sign that she was aware of the departing Metty. Her wide blue eyes registered a little fear, but they were fixed firmly on Zanuck. He may have been disappointed, but he got right down to business.

"I owe you an apology," he said.

Miss Monroe looked surprised. "I didn't think you had much to offer when you were working here before, so I dropped your contract," said Zanuck. "I made a bit mistake."

Miss Monroe looked pleased.

The only words

"I've just seen you in Asphalt Jungle," said Zanuck. "I think you've got great possibilities. I want to offer you another contract."

Miss Monroe looked very pleased.

"If you accept tell your agent to get in touch and we'll work out the details," said Zanuck.

Miss Monroe said: "I certainly will."

They were about the only words she uttered in that fateful interview which was the beginning of her extraordinary wiggling rise to stardom.



Zanuck with John Huston (left), who directed his latest film "The Roots of Heaven."

by LOGAN GOURLAY

Zanuck gave her a part in the new comedy he was planning, *All About Eve*. A small part to try her out. So far Miss Monroe had no reputation as an actress. She was just a symbol of hygienic sex created by the publicity department.

Most efficient

Under the supervision of his lieutenant Harry Brand, the department was the most efficient organisation of its kind in Hollywood.

They excelled themselves on Miss Monroe. They assigned a writer called Nat Pynchon to pen the luscious wisecracks ("I sleep with nothing on except Chanel No. 5") which fell from her lovely lips. She was quoted and displayed in provocative poses in every magazine and newspaper in the world.

But as yet she was unproved on the screen. Did she possess the indefinable star quality? Did she have any talents that couldn't be precisely measured in vital statistics?

After "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" everyone knew that the answers were resoundingly "Yes."

And so did Miss Monroe. As other successes followed in *Seven Year Itch* and *Bus Stop*

she became difficult, untractable, unmanageable. She was invariably late for appointments. She demanded more money, better scripts, less work. She was impossible. Zanuck says now: "She was the most difficult star I've ever handled. Without exception. She nearly drove us nuts."

But he says it without reproach or rancour. The fact remains that Zanuck has survived unscathed after 33 years in high-pressure hypochondriacal Hollywood. He has never had stomach ulcers and he has never been to a psychiatrist. But all the stars weren't Monroes.

One of many

Undoubtedly Zanuck played an immense part in the creation of the Monroe legend. But Monroe is only one among many who is in debt to his genius.

For instance, there was the amiable, happy-go-lucky AL JOLSON. When Zanuck was helping to launch the talkie era in Hollywood, he walked up to the set when the celebrated "Mommy" scene was being shot in *The Jazz Singer*, the first part-talkie film.

Jolson was sitting at a piano, ready to sing. Zanuck interrupted and suggested that he should first speak a few words.

The director asked: "What words?"

Zanuck said: "The obvious simple words like 'I'm going to sing to you now, mother.'"

These were the first words ever spoken in a motion picture.

After *The Jazz Singer* came *The Singing Fool*—the original all-talkie—also starring Jolson.

So reluctant

The Singing Fool made Jolson, of the curiously harsh but compelling voice, an international celebrity. But according to Zanuck, he was a simple man, naive, and interested in few things outside his work... except gambling.

Zanuck once said to him: "You only care about two things. Your work and the race track."

Jolson beamed and replied: "You've got them in the wrong order."

It was in the early days of the talkies that Zanuck began his long and fruitful working partnership with GEORGE ARLISS.

Zanuck called him then, and still does, "The most exciting star I've ever worked with."

But he was also chronically mean. He loved a dollar more than any man I've ever known. During their long association Zanuck and Arliss dined together only once.

When the meal was over and Zanuck had paid the bill, he said to Arliss: "I think you should buy me a drink in a night club now."

Arliss agreed reluctantly. They were greeted at the night club by the owner who showed them to the table reserved for VIPs. He then sent a message to Zanuck asking him to accept a bottle of champagne with his compliments.

When the waiter started to pour the champagne, Arliss stopped him saying: "I didn't order that stuff. I never drink it. Take it away."

Zanuck whispered to him that it was on the house. Arliss beamed and said: "In that case I'll make an exception and try a little."

They got through a couple of bottles.

The exceptions

Over the years Zanuck has been forced to the conclusion that meanness is an occupational disease among actors and actresses.

But there are notable exceptions. Among them are DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Sen., a princely spender, JOHN HARRYWOOD, ERROL FLYNN, and GEORGE RAFT.

As Raft admitted recently in an autobiography, he had to fight, steal, and cheat at the beginning to make money, but when he became a film star he was almost naively generous.

Zanuck found that not all tough-guy film actors are as rugged as they would have their fans believe.

"When we were making *Public Enemy No. 1* we had a collection of the most menacing characters you've ever seen on the set."

"One afternoon a watchman rushed in and shouted that a bunch of gangsters had broken into the studios to shoot up all the actors who were misrepresenting them on the screen."

"In two seconds flat the set was cleared."

"Of course, it was all a practical joke. I never did find out who arranged it."

I suspect it was Zanuck.

It was another Zanuck—kindly and avuncular—who entered in his partnership with plump little SHIRLEY TEMPLE, whom he rates "the most likeable, least difficult star I've ever met."

She worked with him after he had left Warner Brothers, where he had reigned as the youngest executive producer in Hollywood. He had formed a new company then called 20th Century, now 20th Century-Fox.

It was an unlikely partnership. The hardened, bristling

Zanuck, who spent his vacations hunting grizzly bears, and the ingenious sweet Temple, who caddled laddy bears. But it was highly successful. Professionally and personally.

On screen Shirley thrived in carefully chosen subjects which were lapped up by a sweet-toothed public. Off screen she hero-worshipped Uncle Darryl.

He for his part could be heard calling her "the little genius."

High praise indeed from Uncle Darryl.

Gangsters... Shirley Temple... lavish musicals... and harsh realism like *The Grapes of Wrath* and *I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*... Zanuck illuminated them all with his talents.

But he was not always pleased with the ultimate result. He had grave doubts about *I Was a Fugitive from a Chain Gang*. When he first saw it shown at a studio review, he lambasted the acting of PAUL MUNI.

The exact words he used were, "This is the worst performance that any human has ever given on the screen."

That year Muni was awarded the Oscar. Zanuck could be wrong too.

Dramatic exit

After the war the challenge of television to the cinema brought out the immense boldness in Zanuck's character. He switched all the production resources of 20th Century-Fox to CinemaScope.

And he gambled on a young British actor, RICHARD BURTON.

To Burton, who had the leading role in *The Robt*, Zanuck said: "You're a fine actor. But you're not an important movie star with international appeal."

"It's possible to be both," said Burton.

THE END.



WOULD YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS?

The unfamiliar face is Marilyn Monroe as she was in 1950 when Zanuck took one of his greatest and most successful gambles. His publicity men created the legend. Zanuck gave her the chance to act.

As yet it hasn't been possible for Mr Burton.

Just over 18 months ago, Zanuck made a dramatic exit from the 20th Century-Fox studios. He retained his major shareholding in the company (130,000 shares), but he resigned as production chief.

The gossip said he was worn out, finished.

They said he wanted more time to be with Bella Darvi, who was then his protegee.

But he has launched out as a leading independent producer. He has made three large-scale films: *Island in the Sun*, *The Sun Also Rises*, and the recently completed *Roots of Heaven*, starring his new protegee Juliette Greco.

The simple fact is that he was bored as a studio production chief.

"I wanted to escape to make my own films. I wanted to be more creative."

"I love making films."

He says this with a lover's passionate conviction.

Whatever the charms of a Miss Darvi or a Miss Greco, they cannot compete with Zanuck's first and only lasting permanent love—the Muse of the Movies. The pundits say that there is no such Muse—that she's just a mechanical robot. But Zanuck knows better. He has spent his life creating her—partly in his own image.

And the man, is infatuated with her.

INSIDE SHOW BUSINESS by John Lambert & Peter Evans

TWENTY years ago it was Irene Dunne. Then came Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman, and Grace Kelly.

Now it is Vera Miles, a 28-year-old blonde who generates the special brand of sex appeal known in Hollywood as "quiet sex."

It's just as lethal as any other kind of sex but so much more refined—like having a silence on the end of a gun.

She is to co-star with Van Johnson and Elinor Williams in the film of A. J. Cronin's "Beyond This Place."

This is the girl starmaker Alfred Hitchcock has put under personal contract for seven years. The girl he plans to star in at least two films a year. The girl he can loan out to other studios at £50,000 a picture.

She is also the girl who is quickly becoming a mainstay of Hollywood's Number One leading lady.

Yet the picture of quiet sex was not her first. Her first was a picture called "The Girl on the Train" which she made in 1947. It was a picture about a girl who was a mystery.

The quiet sex..... success flies in



while. But no. She falls in love and calls it quits.

"So I looked around for a replacement. I first saw Vera Miles on TV. The thing that impressed me about her was her quality of restraint plus her potential sex appeal."

A mystery

"Just like Kelly when she was beginning. You know, she was shy, lacked confidence. Once success touched her she gained authority, she began to radiate. I thought there was a chance of that happening to Vera."

Then Hitchcock began a publicity campaign to cover her beginnings. Said he: "There must be an element of mystery in building a star. Look at Greta. Hardly anyone knows about her origin. What she has done is a mystery."

But Miss Miles recalls her childhood with vivid clarity. "I remember that there wasn't enough food in the house to feed us. We never had enough money."

Miss Miles's narration of this sad saga hints at her acting potential. Her eyes grow misty, her voice softens, her lips tremble.

The only slight flaw is that her story is a bit exaggerated. Says her mother: "Vera never had to work very hard, the child never went hungry. I'd say she had a fairly happy youth."

But whatever her background, Hitchcock is sure of her future.

Says her mother: "The quiet sex is someone who can do a lot of things but who is very quiet."



Could it be Roundworms?

Microscopic roundworm eggs are everywhere. In vegetables, fruit, water. Even in the best ordered families there is always the danger of infection. And children are most liable to attack. They don't realise the dangers in uncooked foods and contaminated water.

Happily, there's a simple, proved remedy

'ANTEPAR'

TRADE MARK



One dose of 'ANTEPAR' gets rid of roundworms in a day. Pleasant-tasting 'ANTEPAR' should be taken at bedtime. Then roundworms are expelled the next day—easily and naturally! 'ANTEPAR' is always quick, sure, safe. It causes no pain or sickness. Not even with small children.

Makes 'ANTEPAR' a routine family habit. Give everyone one dose every three months. And be sure your family are always free from roundworms!

'ANTEPAR' the one-day, one-dose roundworm remedy!

JOHN S. HUTCHINSON & CO. LTD. (PHARMACEUTICALS DEPT.)

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SOLE AGENTS: THE CHINA MAIL, 10, ABINGDON ROAD, OXFORD, ENGLAND

A royal exile goes home—to Russia

THE PRIVILEGE WAS MINE. By Princess Zinaida Schakovsky Capa, 16s.

ONE day in 1917, little Zinaida, born in Moscow of a family that had helped to rule Russia for 1,000 years, was puzzled by a strange disturbance of the routine at the Empress Catherine Seminary Petrograd.

A detachment of the Tsar's privas, armed, clattered into the school. Later, the prayer for the Tsar was omitted. The Revolution had broken out.

It carried her off into exile, and to many adventures of which the strangest of all was that, 25 years later, she returned to the city of her birth. She did so as the wife of a foreign diplomat.

Her Gift

From this rare, remarkable experience her book was born. It is the work of a practised, skilful writer with the Russian gift for evoking mood.

Princess Schakovsky, speaking Russian, thinking in Russian but no longer feeling in Russian, moved about among the crowds of Soviet Moscow ("What was the secret of those dull, withdrawn faces that never seemed to smile?"), through the empty streets of Soviet Leningrad ("Exactly as my memory had preserved it: grey and golden, St Petersburg with its useless beauty, ramshackle and imperial").

Everywhere she was haunted by the past and weighed down by the present. She writes as an exile and a Christian; she regrets, she disapproves; she is aware of an immense gulf between herself and the Russia of today. And—"It saddens me that this race, though it is no longer mine, should not be happy."

Here is the record of a sensitive and honest woman, blessed, no doubt, but with eyes that see deeper than most into Russian realities, than most into

She talked with people she met in the streets and shops, with her household, appointed to spy on her, with the student who wore "Teddy Boy" clothes to show his dislike of the regime.

She met the privileged class—the Russians who can give £30,000 for a ren, the favoured writers who get more money than they can spend. She met

by George Malcolm Thomson

the masters—although few of them are still masters.

Molotov, "a robot untouched by honours or humiliations, an empty envelope with a constantly changing address."

Kaganovich, "the only one who resolutely refused to forget my origins."

Yekaterina Furtseva, First Lady of the Soviet Union, known as Catherine III; "She reminded me of the beautiful peasants of Tula."

General Y., who was usually tipsy, said to her at one diplomatic reception: "You're a Christian, a churchgoer. I'm a churchgoer." At that point a vigilant official whisked the general away.

There was, above all, the fabulous Khrushchev: "The only happy adult I met in the Soviet Union. Intelligence and mischief entwined his heavy features. Behind that burlesque appearance lay decision, energy and—dangerous for himself and for us—impulsiveness."

She reports that Khrushchev is unpopular among Russians.

The search

One night at dinner she was placed next to General Serov: "Tell me the truth, do I look like a monster?"

He asked: "If she would like him to find the surviving members of her family. . . But the princess preferred to carry out the search for herself."

It began with a study of the Moscow telephone directory. "One solitary Trubetsky, but no Obolenskys, Shcherbatovs, Baryatinskys, Schakovskys, or Volkenskys." At length she talked to a cousin on the telephone; nearer than that she could not get.

From the one member of the old nobility she did succeed in meeting she heard the first words in defence of modern Russia that reached her. One day she brought him a bottle of champagne and a tin of foil

"I suddenly found myself witnessing the violent awakening in this man's memory of a life he had learned to forget. I saw him struggling with regrets that he considered unworthy."

When Princess Schakovsky spoke pessimistically about the future of the Russians, he answered with a quotation: "There is little light in them

but a great deal of warmth." Some of the murky light has found its way to this postage book. And some of the warmth, too.

ISLAND HAVOC!

THE PRIVATE SEA. By Peter Mayne, Murray 18s.

THREE hours sail south of Athens is the island of Poros, on which Mayne has set a lighthearted story, a tragic-comedy, partly true, partly fiction.

It describes how Julie, a beautiful and rich young American girl—a creature from the glossy magazines rather than life—causes havoc among the young men of Poros.

The Greek male is a patriarch by instinct and tradition; he is promiscuous and polygamous. Since the girls are well aware of this, there is little companionship between the sexes and, on a small island like Poros the young men are driven almost dolly by continence, as Mayne puts it.

Julie, who seems to adore this problem, creates new ones. Out of an elementary situation, Mayne, a witty writer, wrings the last ounce of mild entertainment in this thin and clever book.

—(London Express Service).

THE TOP SIX

WHAT LONDON IS READING

GRAHAM GREENE'S "entertainment." Our man in Havana, topped the list of best sellers in London during last week. Previous week's positions in brackets; fiction marked with an asterisk.

1—"Our Man in Havana" Graham Greene.

2—"The King Must Die," Mary Renault (1).

3—"Hornblower in the West Indies," C. S. Forester (2).

4—"Dr Zhivago," Boris Pasternak (3).

5—"Elizabeth the Great," Elizabeth Jenkins.

6—"Eloise in Paris," Kay Thompson.

Compiled with the co-operation of the Army and Navy Stores, B. H. H. & Co., and the Times Bookshop.

—(London Express Service).

THE ROBERT PITMAN BOOK PAGE

Mr Behan of Dublin makes the potted plants shake

"WHEN I was first married my mother asked me: 'Are you missing my cooking, Brendan?' 'Sure,' I replied, 'and I'm missing the belly-ache that always followed it.'" Mr Brendan Behan, playwright and author, put down his gin and laughed. In the Dublin bar the gilded glass partitions trembled.

But I was not trembling. Despite Mr Behan's rumbustious reputation, I felt fine. It was nearly midday. We had visited five other bars since the morning started.

Before midnight we would visit many more.

Why? Why should a critic come to Dublin in order to carry out such a programme?

Well, look at the extraordinary story of the man I had come to see. At 13 Brendan Francis Behan left school. At 16 he was convicted at Liverpool for being found with I.R.A. dynamite in his lodgings.

CONVICTED

At 19 he was convicted at Dublin for the attempted murder of two police officers. His Dublin sentence—14 years.

Not a promising beginning, you might think, for a literary career. Not the sort of training on which T. S. Eliot or Miss Daphne du Maurier based their work.

Yet see where 16 has brought Brendan Behan. Next week his new play *The Hostage* is produced in London. Like his first play, *The Quare Fellow*, it is bound to go to New York too.

The week after that his first book appears (*BORSTAL BOY*, Hutchinsons, 16s.). His publishers believe its success will be enormous. I have read it and I agree.

How have these things changed Brendan Behan? When he came to London for *The Quare Fellow* he was wearing an old sports jacket with no tie. As he sat with me in the Dublin bar he was wearing an old sports jacket with no tie. The grimed collar of an open white shirt stretched tightly at his great neck.



CRITIC GOES ON RAMPAGE WITH EXPERT

We left the bar. Through the windy streets of Dublin Behan scattered greetings like a king. A toothless old woman sat on a step, breathless with walking. Her meagrely filled shopping basket stood beside her. Behan stopped to chat, and left five shillings in the basket.

A woman with her young son stopped us. Behan put money into the boy's small hand. "Her husband's interned," Behan told me. "An I.R.A. man."

We entered another bar. As we drank Behan said: "People put all sorts of stories round. They've said I've cut myself out from my mother. That's nonsense. Why, she often comes out with me on the booze." We moved on again. At a door marked "House of Mercy" Brendan knocked. To the elderly nun who opened it Behan handed money. She looked bemused at the tumbled, tie-less Behan. He told me: "The old girl probably thought I had come for a hand-out."

THE INSULTS

Across the broad, deserted roads we walked on. Nearby two boys with a football shouted at Behan in Gaelic. "Insults," said Behan proudly. "You couldn't print what those two kids have just called me." By way of various bars we reached Dublin's most glittering

hotel in time for lunch. Expensive cars waited outside. With glazed eyes the doorman looked at Behan's uncovered stretch of broad red neck.

In the foyer Behan told me: "The last time I was here I was marched out by two policemen. An Irish K.C. had come to address a religious society meeting. He was the K.C. who had prosecuted two men in England—although an English Protestant defended them."

"Well, he got up and said: 'I've come to speak about the Blessed Martyr Thomas More.' I shouted: 'And I've come to speak about the two martyrs you sent down.' I tried to hit him, but they stopped me."

ANOTHER OATH

We entered the restaurant. We had been joined by Behan's wife, Beatrice—quiet, sweet-faced, smartly dressed. But at the sight of her husband a hush fell on the diners.

Loudly Behan ordered wine. Gaelic oaths echoed among the potted plants. Then, while waiters hovered at a discreet distance, Behan dealt clatteringly with a plate of oysters.

I remembered the time when an almost speechless Behan had been interviewed by Muggidge on television. In the restaurant I asked: "Were you affected by the heat in the TV studio?"

Another oath exploded. Behan said: "Heat, nothing. I was tight. Blanking light."

Beatrice Behan whispered to me: "They shut him up in a room before the broadcast. But they were stupid enough to leave a bottle of whiskey in the room too."

Behan said: "The next day people kept stopping me in the street. A bus driver halted his bus and shouted: 'I saw you last night, Paddy. I couldn't understand a word you said. But I never mind. I couldn't understand ruddy Muggidge either, I never can.'"

Under the glittering chandeliers Behan laughed. He began to sing snatches of Irish rebel songs. With bread he mopped at the gravy on his plate. Then, while a roomful of genteel faces turned in our direction, Behan slowly raised his dinner plate and poured the rest of the gravy into his upturned mouth.

TAPPED TIME

When we left the hotel the skies were overcast. Behan looked gloomy. He said: "The bars here are shut from 2.30 to 3.00. We call it the Holy Hour. The politician that introduced it in the Dail was shot dead an hour afterwards."

In a taxi we rattled out across cobbled streets and disused tramlines to a shabby council house estate. We reached the house where Behan's mother lives. Inside bottles of Guinness were fetched out for us.

In a sweet, clear voice the elderly lady sang the songs which I had heard in snatches from her son. As his foot fondly tapped time, I knew I had found the final ingredient in the Behan mixture—the mixture of toughness, exhibitionism, warmth which had brought him success as a writer.

HIS LATEST

Writing? Of course Behan and I hardly found much time to talk about that. But later, amid the confusion of his ground-floor flat in Dublin, I did see his latest piece of prose.

It was a letter to British Railways.

Behan had claimed a refund on a ticket to Fishguard. But an official signing himself "Mr. H. Brint" had written: "Before giving consideration to your claim for a refund I should be glad if you would be good

enough to let me know the circumstances which prevented you from using it."

In Behan's typewriter I saw this reply:—

Dear Mr. H. Brint, I don't know that it matters, but we missed the train from Paddington, and had to travel from Euston to Liverpool.

If you do want to give me back my twelve quid, do so. If you need it, keep it.

I am not depending on it. . . . God help any poor traveller that was.

I have more to do than be answering your silly letters. Send the money or don't.

My time is valuable. I am usually paid more than twelve nicker for writing as much as this.

for Brendan Behan, BRENDAN BEHAN.

THE DAY THE SEAS RAN DRY...

By RICHARD LISTER

THE TIDE WENT OUT. By Charles Eric Maine, Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.

THIS is a specimen of science fiction by one of its more serious exponents. This means that it does not dabble in fantastic monsters and shapeless things, but that it tries to push a little way across the boundaries of our present scientific knowledge and see what happens there.

Suppose that the biggest of the H-bombs tested in the Pacific were to fracture the ocean bed, new would happen as the level of the seas gradually sank? Such is the basis of Mr. Maine's latest novel, and he makes the horrors that follow credible by showing them through the eyes of a convincingly ordinary main character.

First hint

Philip Wade is a moderately successful journalist, a rather weak pleasant fellow, who is faithful to his wife and who wishes he weren't, who drinks too much but not enough to damage his capacities.

He edits an illustrated weekly and the first hint of trouble comes when a censorship ban is clamped down on his leading feature which has inadvertently hit on the true explanation of the wave of earthquakes which have been devastating the Far East and have even reached England.

From then on, things move rapidly to disaster. The oceans are slowly but steadily running out. Trade gradually decreases. Unemployment mounts. The threat of starvation is round the corner.

The Arctic will eventually be the only place left with a supply of water. It is there that the Government have established the camps to which they are sending the small number of selected survivors. The rest will have to be left to their fate.

On the list

Philip Wade, by virtue of a job in the propaganda department, is one of the last on the selected list. His department is part of the rearguard left to do what can be done to keep things going till the last minute.

So from the comparative security of the government zone we watch civilisation disintegrating as plague and fire follow famine.

The author leads us up to the abyss, stage by stage, convincingly enough. But his descriptive powers are not (luckily perhaps) equal to the final horrors, and he turns his novel into a thriller. But it is still an interesting one.

By an accident Wade gets separated from his colleagues on evacuation day, and for 48 horrifying hours, he has to join the naked struggle for existence in an abandoned world, where survival has become the only value.

And—a good point, well made—he has to discover in his comparatively mild and civilised self the ruthlessness which will enable him to fight his way all too literally to the last plate of food.

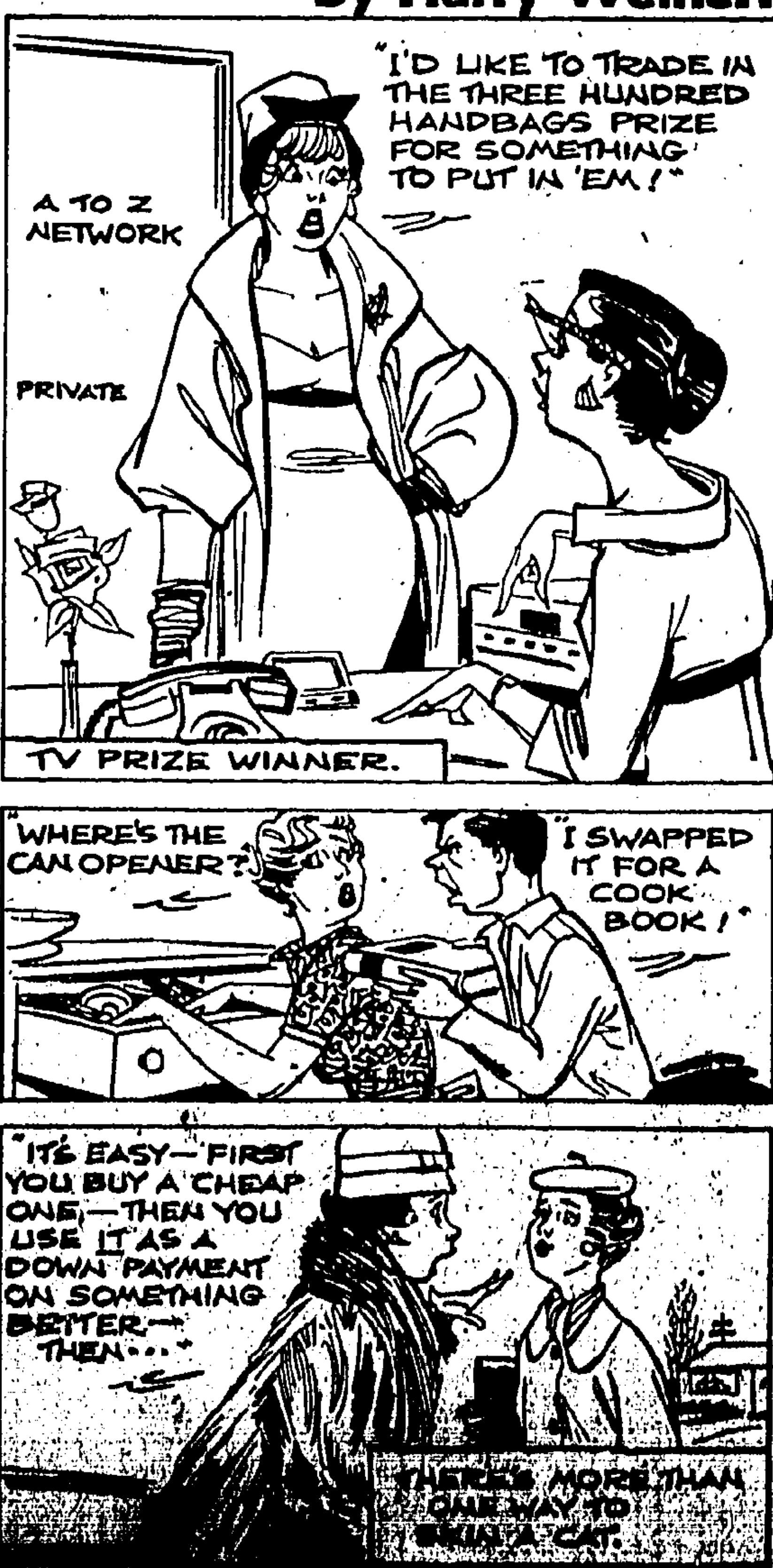
It is by keeping his main theme as small as a man that Mr. Wade manages to make the story of a world's end seem so convincing.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Trade-Ins

By Harry Weinert



MARCH 27, 1911... WHEN HONGKONG SAW...

The first flight!

IN an article dated November 3rd, 1910, the South China Morning Post heralded the modern flying age. When one recalls that flying the English Channel was quite a feat fifty years ago, the S.C.M.P. showed considerable acumen in forecasting the important role aviation would play in the Colony's future.

The article addressed itself to the advantages the Colony would gain in forming an aviation school, and even offered to act as a go-between for businessmen and a certain Marquis de Villeneuve. Nothing came of the proposal at that moment but the next year the Colony saw the first flight of 'a heavier than air machine.'

January 27, 1911, and three aviators arrive in Hongkong en route to Manila, where a flying carnival is to be held. While staying over, they book rooms at the old Hongkong Hotel. A China Mail reporter looks in on them.

The leader of the party was Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, and the reporter claims that Baldwin was the inventor of the parachute and the owner of the first dirigible.

(I find however, that Baldwin was trying to get away with something here; and that although there exist numerous legends of ancient parachutes, A. J. Garner was the first to make a parachute descent as long ago as 1797 at Paris). reference:—Everyman's Encyclopaedia.

★ ★ ★

Captain S. Baldwin gave the reporter a drink, and in answer to a question said: "The days of ballooning are over and consequently, I have taken up the much more scientific art of the aeroplane, although, I prefer to leave the risks of high flying and long flying to younger men."

"You see," said Captain Baldwin, "I am no light-weight (201 pounds) and it takes a bit more fuel to carry me than these younger fellows." He pointed to his companions, Captain Price and Aviator James C. Mars. The reporter then turned to James C. Mars.

"Would you tell me, Mr. Mars what aviation records you hold?"

Mars was rather wary of the question, but said that his highest altitude was 7,000 feet which stood for a time as a world record, and his longest flight lasted 1½ hours covering a distance of over a hundred miles at a speed of close on a mile a minute.

"These records," James C. Mars said, "were made at Helena, Montana and Topeka and Kansas respectively." Captain Baldwin admitted that he had never been higher than 760 feet, but he had one kind of record to his credit. He called it, "threading the needle." This

meant in fact that he had flown over and under the span of a bridge.

The reporter claimed for Captain Baldwin the invention of a light-weight fabric for covering the wings of a plane.

Next day, the 28 January, 1911, the three planes were taken off the S.S. Asia with a view to giving curious Hongkong aviation fans a glimpse at modern flying.

★ ★ ★

Two of the planes were of Baldwin's design and make; the third of a type called the Todd-Shurtz.

The reporter seems to have been keen on flying himself, and reported the dimensions of Baldwin's plane: "The wings of the Baldwin Aeroplane are 38 feet long, and the propeller 7 feet, made of spruce and bamboo. The wing is covered with a material of the usual amount of fuel carried, and this suffices for a hundred

miles. The machine itself weighs 650 lbs, and develops 60 m.p.h." The article finishes by saying:—"This is not Captain Baldwin's first visit to the Far East. Possibly there are some in Hongkong who will remember his parachute descent here some 20 years ago."

"No arrangements have yet been made regarding an exhibition here," Captain Price said. "You may take it from me that nothing will be attempted without the fullest sanction of the authorities and no arrangement of any kind has so far been made."

The reporter asked one more question, "How much will it cost to put on the exhibition?" James C. Mars replied that a guarantee of \$8,000 was required, and that all three machines would take part for this figure.

The aviators stayed over in the Colony, but bureaucracy killed the show, and this time, an untamed South China Morning Post reporter takes over:—"The public will be intensely disappointed to learn that the projected aerial flight which was to have taken place in the New Territories this weekend, are off, but they are not more disappointed than the aviators themselves who, it appears, have gone to a good deal of trouble and expense in the matter and have left Hongkong on Wednesday with feelings that can be better imagined than described."

"In the full hope that everything would be satisfactorily arranged with the powers that be, Messrs Baldwin, Price, Mars, and Shriver, stayed over in Hongkong, had their biplanes transported to Taiipo, and commenced the erection of a forty-foot long shed for their accommodation pending an exhibition."

"As we learned from aviator Mars yesterday, there being no other way of recouping themselves in view of the fact that no guarantee was forthcoming, it was practically decided that the railway should make such a charge for transportation to Taiipo as would cover the charge for admission to the aviation ground, and that the aviators receive fifty per cent of the takings."

★ ★ ★

"Somehow or other, the arrangement has at the last moment fallen through. The Government it seems is unwilling to sanction such an arrangement and naturally enough the aviators are not flying for love."

"It seems a great pity that official red tape should deprive Hongkong of its only opportunity of witnessing the conquest of the air by proved experts."

"The Ordinances of the Colony forbid aviation at Happy Valley, the only suitable site on the Island, and when the aviators were willing to venture so far afield as Taiipo and take their chance at the 'gate' the law might have been stretched a point to meet their wishes and enable the public to enjoy an exhibition that people all over the world are clamouring to see."

I have left the article as the young man wrote it. No doubt many of the clauses he gives hanging in the air were due to his understandable disappointment. He is less than fair to Government however. I should imagine the villain of the piece was Royal Navy Intelligence.

War was only three years off, and high prices were being paid for photographs of our new ships. In fact, flying over the harbour was strictly forbidden. I do not know if that was the reason, and that one of the aviators was suspect. But it could have been.

On March 18, 1911, a Belgian, Mr Van den Born, made the first flight by aeroplane in the Colony of Hongkong.

★ ★ ★

February 28, 1911, and the South China Morning Post announced:—"An exhibition of aviation is to take place in Hongkong after all. Not on the Island itself because Government forbids that, but at Taiipo in the New Territory."

"Mr Van den Born, the man who is to be the first flier in Hongkong arrived yesterday on the French Mail from Saigon and his three Farman biplanes are expected to be unloaded tomorrow."

The business end of the arrangement is in the hands of Arndt & Co., who inform us that the necessary permission has been obtained from the authorities and that the flights will come off when Mr Van den Born has had the time to discuss



The old Hongkong Hotel, where the aviators stayed.

and complete the details. The date of the exhibition will be announced later and, meantime, preparations are under way. "Mr Van den Born is accompanied by his wife and mechanic, and is staying at the Hongkong Hotel. He takes high rank among European aviators, having been a tutor in Farman's school, he passed through his hands most of the prominent French fliers whose names are household words today."

"He is fresh from a series of triumphs in Bangkok and Saigon. At the former place, he enjoyed the patronage of the King and Members of the Royal Household including several of the Princes and a Princess, who ventured into the air with him." It is at this stage that we first hear of the Far East Aviation Company.

★ ★ ★

It was this Company which took a foremost place in the development of local aviation, who arranged the first flying exhibition.

A large crowd assembled at Shatin on Saturday, March 18, 1911.

It was an ideal day for flying, warm and sunny, but things went wrong right from the start. In the first place, the Governor was late, and while the crowd waited impatiently, the wind rose to thirty miles an hour, and it was decided that it would be suicidal to set out in the face of the strong wind.

The Governor arrived, and waited with the crowd. The Band of the Rajputs played some lively airs, but the crowd wanted flight, not music.

It came to 6.10 p.m., time for the train from Shatin to return to Kowloon, and most of the disappointed crowd left for home.

Soon after the crowd left, the wind died down, and Mr Van den Born brought out his machine and climbed aboard. He rose to a short height, circled the field, and to the wonder of the spectators, returned to almost the same spot that he had left.

Thus the first airplane flight in Hongkong was a bit of an anti-climax. I should imagine the following must have been the first airplane

accident in Hongkong. On Thursday 23 March, 1911, Mr Van den Born gave another flying exhibition out at Shatin. Quite a crowd gathered and this time everything started well. Van den Born was soon in the air and rose "beautifully" to a height of 200 to 300 feet, and performed several evolutions." (sic)

Later enquiries reveal it was Van den Born's intention to rise higher, but that he met with contrary winds and attempted to land in front of the hangar. Anticipating his intention, a

crowd of school children, principally from Queen's College, rushed to the landing ground to see the aeroplane touch down. With magnificent anticipation, Mr Van den Born pulled his machine round, and swerved away from the children. Fortunately, no one was seriously hurt, although the front of the machine was "considerably crumpled."

Monday March 27, 1911 was an ideal flying day, and Mr Van den Born made many flights. Aviation had come to Hongkong.... to stay.

A SORE SUBJECT

IN Lancashire they play cricket and spin cotton. Both are sore subjects at the moment. England's cricketing fortunes have taken a nose-dive. But this is small stuff alongside the problems of the cotton industry.

Once the very heartbeat of this great county, the cotton industry in recent years has been having to face up to increasing hardships.

Mills have closed in the face of cut-rate competition from overseas cotton manufacturers and delegations of cotton men have come south to London to demand government protection for their industry. They have found sympathy but little comfort. For despite sympathy for the plight of the cotton men, management and workers, the conviction has been growing that Lancashire's bid to project its nineteenth century greatness into the mid-twentieth century is costly, unrealistic and, in the long run likely to be fatal. In other words, that Lancashire's cotton industry is too huge and unwieldy for

Peter Burgoyne's
NEWS FROM BRITAIN

present day conditions of world trade.

The difficulty has been to make the cotton men—at all levels—acknowledge this and cut back the industry to an economic size. But what the exportations of the economists have largely failed to do, hard circumstances have begun to achieve.

Recently an unlooked-for circumstance accelerated the move towards reorganizing the cotton industry. The Restrictive Practices Court ruled that a minimum price scheme agreed by the cotton spinners (to rule out cut-throat competition in times of economic stress) for the industry was against the public interest. In effect, this sounded the death knell for the less economic operators unable to bring their prices low enough to compete in the open market. If this situation is allowed to develop unchecked the "law of the jungle" will reshape the cotton industry in the form the economists have been urging. But a human problem as well as an economic one is involved. And the government is reportedly on the point of stepping in with a plan to soften the blow as much as possible. This is

expected to take the form of financial aid for the reorganization and re-equipment of the industry and compensation for workers who become redundant. But the government will have to move fast and effectively to be able to demonstrate that they have the situation under control by the time a general election comes along. Failure to do so could be politically devastating at the hustings.

Why Can't The English . . . ?

"WHY," demands 'My Fair Lady's' Professor Higgins, "can't the English learn to speak . . . ?"

This week Henry Higgins got his answer in a letter written to The Times by an impressive array of top brains including Sir John Cockcroft and Sir Edward Appleton.

Simply, the answer was that Britain just doesn't have enough competent teachers of English for the job. "Nowhere in our educational system," said the letter, "is there adequate provision for research and training in the methods of teaching modern English—either to foreigners or to our own children."

But the punch to rend Professor Higgins' feeling came later in the letter: "In the opinion of experts who have recently visited the U.S.S.R. for the express purpose of seeing this aspect of Soviet education, the Russians can probably put into the foreign field a greater number of well-trained teachers of English than we can ourselves."

I can't wait for the Russians to claim that they invented English and that Will Shakespeare was a muggle from Omik.

A Bad Idea

FRESH currency is being given to the suggestion that British police forces should recruit suitable coloured immigrants to operate in predominantly coloured areas of the nation's big cities.

The idea isn't new, but it has been revived because of the publicity given to a young Jamaican who has applied to join the Leeds police. His application, incidentally, is still being considered.

Attractive as the scheme may seem at first glance, it is unlikely to be adopted. There is nothing to prevent a coloured man joining the police, but in time they will have to

enlightened government is going to recruit them specially to deal with coloured communities. For once you recruit police for a particular community, you immediately stigmatize that community as something apart from the rest of the nation. And, just as insidious, you foster the belief that those policemen have no authority outside their own racial group.

Young Love

MORE and more British teenagers are getting married. Youngsters who, a few years ago, would have been considered little more than schoolchildren, are now stepping up the aisle or the registry office steps in droves. "Breadwinners' parents, higher wages and welfare state benefits are largely responsible for this boom in teenage weddings."

But recently from the statistical review of the nation's Registrar General came a sobering note. His records show that the marriage of a teenage bride is twice as likely to end in divorce as that of a girl aged between 20 and 24.

Just as sobering in its way was another statistical revelation: That the ratio of marriageable men to marriageable girls (for many years in the man's favour) has reversed. There are now 730,000 more single men than single women in the age group 15-29.

Fog

HOW devastating are the fogs that descend on Britain in winter? Let these facts speak for themselves.

Recently fog hit the Forth-Clyde valley in Scotland. In Glasgow, patients with chest complaints had to be evacuated from the fog zone. In Edinburgh, over 10,000 children, a quarter of those attending local authority schools, fell sick with nose and throat infections.

Consternation

SURPRISE—and in some quarters, consternation—when Prime Minister Macmillan returned a soft answer to an M.P. who suggested televising proceedings in the House of Commons.

He was not, said Mr Macmillan, aware of any general desire among M.P.s for televising the Commons at work. He did not think it was a matter for the government as such, but for the House as a whole, and suggested it might be discussed through the proper and ordinary channels.

That Mr Macmillan did not reject the suggestion out of hand, alarmed some of his critics. They felt that it might be a sign of a new, or renewed, openness in the House of Commons. They felt that it might be a sign of a new, or renewed, openness in the House of Commons.

ROUND-UP

ROUND THE WORLD ON £20

THREE young Londoners are planning a five-year round-the-world hitch-hiking tour—all for £20. They are Jerry Swain, 22, son of a Battersea newspaperman, and his friends Colin Mayger, of Albany Park, near Erit, and Alan Silverman, of Clapton. Jerry and Colin are clerks and Alan is a furniture maker. The trio will try to buy a Land Rover for the first part of their journey, across Europe, down the West Coast of Africa and overland to Zanzibar, where they would sell it before working their passage by ship to Bombay. But they are quite prepared to hitch-hike all the way. From Bombay their route will lie across India, through Burma, the East Indies, Australia and New Zealand. Then by ship to South America, up the coast to Mexico, the United States and Canada and back again to Rio. The final lap will take in South Africa, then through the Suez Canal and back home. The £20 they are taking is for emergencies. They expect to earn enough as they go. Jerry said that the only other thing he had been out of England was as a National Serviceman in Germany.

MAIL FOR TROOPS

THE Army's Home Postal Depot at Acton, West London, hope to get electric trucks to reduce the handling of mailbags among other new equipment. The depot, once a factory, has a staff of about 450 who handle about 70,000 letters and parcels a week. Among them working chiefly on sorting duties, are 150 W.R.A.C.s billeted in Richmond Park. "Next year, we hope to move to new mechanized quarters at Mill Hill," says Lieutenant Colonel A. H. Reading. The depot's fleet of lorries, shuttles mail from the London railway terminal to Acton where it is sorted and despatched by sea or air within a few hours. Nearly all letters sent from the depot also train the men who serve in postal units abroad.

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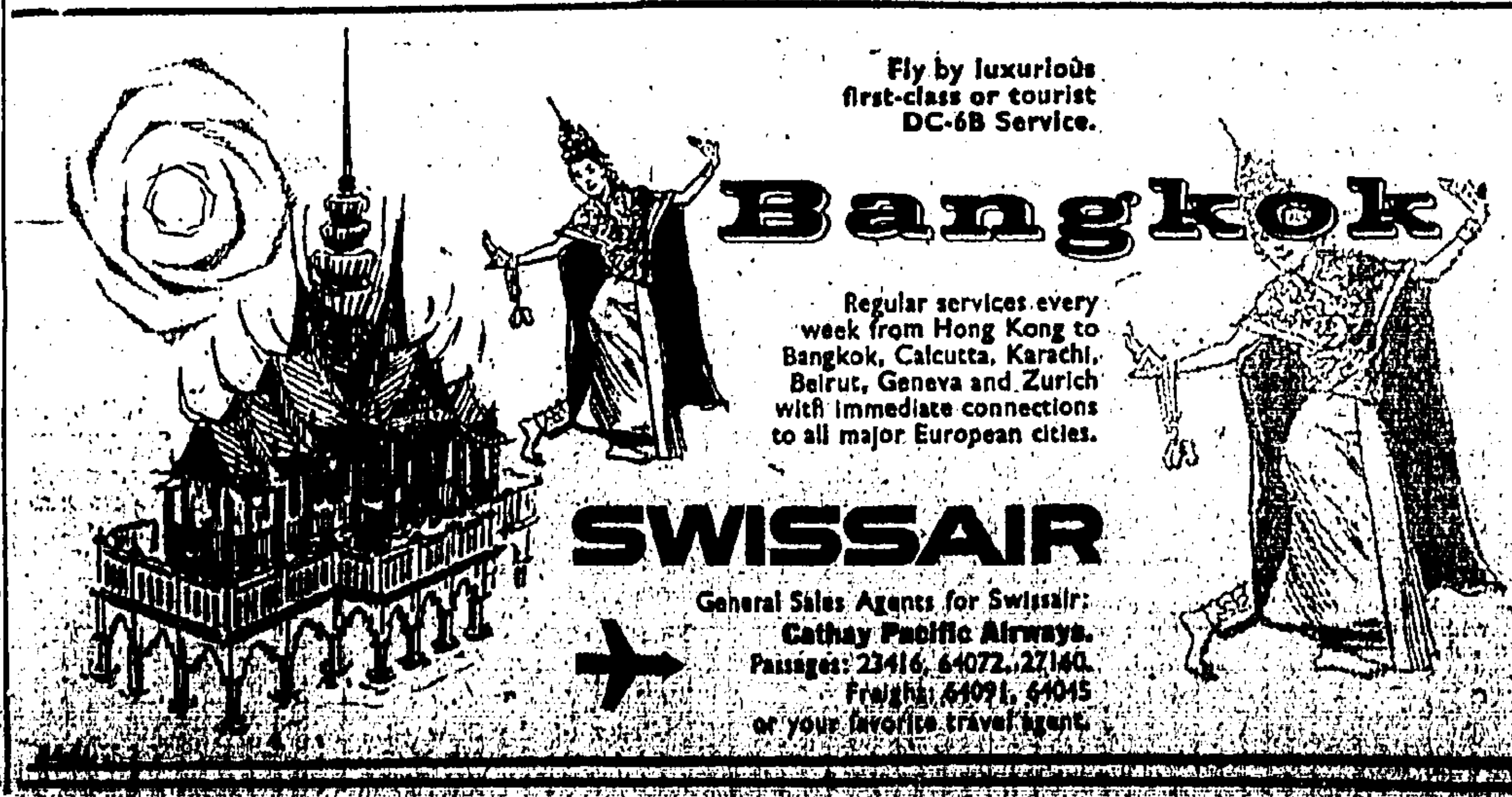
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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

8th RACE MEETING

Saturday 14th February, 1959

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 8 RACES.

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Office, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Aguiar Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 4 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.
Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.
NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each payable at the Gate.
Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$16.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), and 5, D'Aguiar Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. of Friday, 13th February, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 3,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup scheduled to be run on 14th February 1959 may be obtained from the Club Sweep Office at—

Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Aguiar Street on—

Saturday 7th February 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Monday 9th to Thursday 12th February 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Friday 13th February:

Queen's Building 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.

5 D'Aguiar Street 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on—

Saturday 7th February 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

Monday 9th to Friday 13th February 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Men, etc., will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 7th February, 1959.

SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Big Sweepstakes Cast A Spell On Colony Affairs

Within a few hours of the publication of this newspaper a fortune will be won by some person as the result of the "big" sweepstake on the Pearce Memorial Cup which will be run at Happy Valley Racecourse.

Hundreds of thousands of ordinary people will wait anxiously for the minutes to tick away after half past three and within seconds of the ponies passing the post some spirits will soar to the clouds while others will turn sadly to the next big sweepstake with the hope that it will be their turn next time.

Sweepstakes and pool betting on big sporting events have nowadays outmoded the old fashioned betting methods and, with near fabulous dividends to be won, that is hardly surprising, especially in this speculative age.

There are, of course, conflicting schools of thought on the subject of big prizes. There are those who believe they are a good thing and there are those who hold the view that it is better to have a larger number of medium size prizes so as to spread the rewards among more people.

It is all a matter of personal opinion and experience has shown that it varies from time to time. When a ticket holder is asked for his views on this sort of thing—for example the big sweep at Happy Valley this afternoon—he might very well plump wholeheartedly for the mammoth prize arrangement if you put the question to him in the bubbling enthusiasm of the pre-draw period... while, if he had failed to draw a ticket or a prize, he might conceivably see the merits in the multi prize arrangement if only because it would have increased his chance of figuring in the prize list.

Strangely Thrilling
Personally I think that these big sweeps are a tremendous public attraction. I say that with a reasonable appreciation of all the tragedy which gambling can produce, but whether it is the Irish Sweepstake... the Cheltenham Sweepstake... a Treble Chance Pool in the United Kingdom... one of these huge sporting sweepstakes or pools competitions run on a national basis to assist sport... or even our own—by comparison—modest 'Big Sweeps' at Happy Valley there is something strangely thrilling and compelling about it all.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup
14th February, 1959

The Stewards have exercised their rights under Rule 3 of the Rules for Special Cash Sweeps and have removed a subscriber's name from Subscription lists at the Club House, Happy Valley in respect of the following Numbers which will not now be included in the draw—

Nos. 24612 & 86881
52327 & 52328
80621 & 86622

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Programmes and Entry Forms for the 9th (Annual) Race Meeting 1958/59 to be held on Saturday 28th February, Wednesday 4th March and Saturday 7th March, 1959, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House; the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday, 17th February, 1959.

Please enclose the entry form in the green envelope provided.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

By

I. M. MACTAVISH

Hearts—as the club is striking tribute to a supreme sportman who deserved every note, every cheer, and every memory that went with them. Tommy Walker has always been a public figure and as a manager his reputation for justice and fair play is well known wherever football is played.

Greatest Moment

In London Walker became as great a favourite as he had been for so long in Scotland and on his last appearance for Chelsea he was the central figure in a spontaneous and emotional spectacle which is still talked about today.

As the final whistle blew the Chelsea players and their opponents of the day instinctively lined up in front of the stand to "Clap Tommy" on his way to the dressing room... as one of them later said it, but the crowd suddenly decided to give him a different farewell. The packed stands

HEXANGULAR RUGBY TITLE MAY BE DECIDED IN THIS AFTERNOON'S BIG GAME

By PAK LO

The feature rugby game this afternoon brings together the Club and Army North on the Navy ground at Causeway Bay at 4.15 p.m. and a very large crowd is expected to turn out and see this crucial game between the two teams.

A win by Army North will directly give them the hexangular title. Should Club triumph the championship is virtually theirs, for though they are trailing by two points, Club have a game in hand against Army South, and have then only to force a draw to gain the coveted honour.

The game between Army South and the Club has now been arranged for 6.00 p.m. on the Club ground on Wednesday next and this will serve as the curtain-raiser to the President of the HKRU's XV against the Taiwanese.

In another match this afternoon Army South oppose the RAF at Kai Tak at 4.00 p.m. but few spectators are expected at this ground, partly because the other game will draw the crowd and partly because of the difficulty of transport.

At Full Strength
The Club are naturally turning out today a very strong side, for what is their most important game to date. The pack is at full strength with Steven being fit enough to take his usual place in the centre of the back row.

Bennett is still missing from scrum half but Tancock has proved his worth in that position over the last few weeks and with Valentine behind him

Enough For Victory

In the loose the Club back row are going to give Phillips the biggest lot of trouble he has run into yet, and both sides should get an equal share of the ball. That will be enough to give the Club victory, for the Army North defence is not strong and has not faced an attack like this since the last time these two met, when Club after playing around for most of the game, started to use their three and slammed home three tries, which were not enough, however, to give them victory.

The Army North are weakened by the exclusion of Bees-Cox, their best three and the man who with his place-kicking has

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



London Express Service

rose to their feet and some 60,000 fans sang a goodbye, the like of which will probably never be repeated. It stopped Walker in his tracks and in those moments all the wonder-ful atmosphere which is usually reserved for singing of 'Abide with me' at Wembley was recaptured.

Mr. Birrell, who was Chelsea's manager at the time, stated several times later that it was the greatest football moment of his life... and a

Hearts are definitely going on tour. I understand that certain members of the Blackpool party who came here a year ago have seen the Edinburgh boys a glowing report of their short visit to Hongkong... and if the Scottish Champions do not play on the Stadium at Sookunpoo then our disappointment will be no less than that of the Hearts players themselves.

Let's keep our fingers crossed and hope that everyone is happy around the middle of May.

abandoned the idea of swimming over the original course.

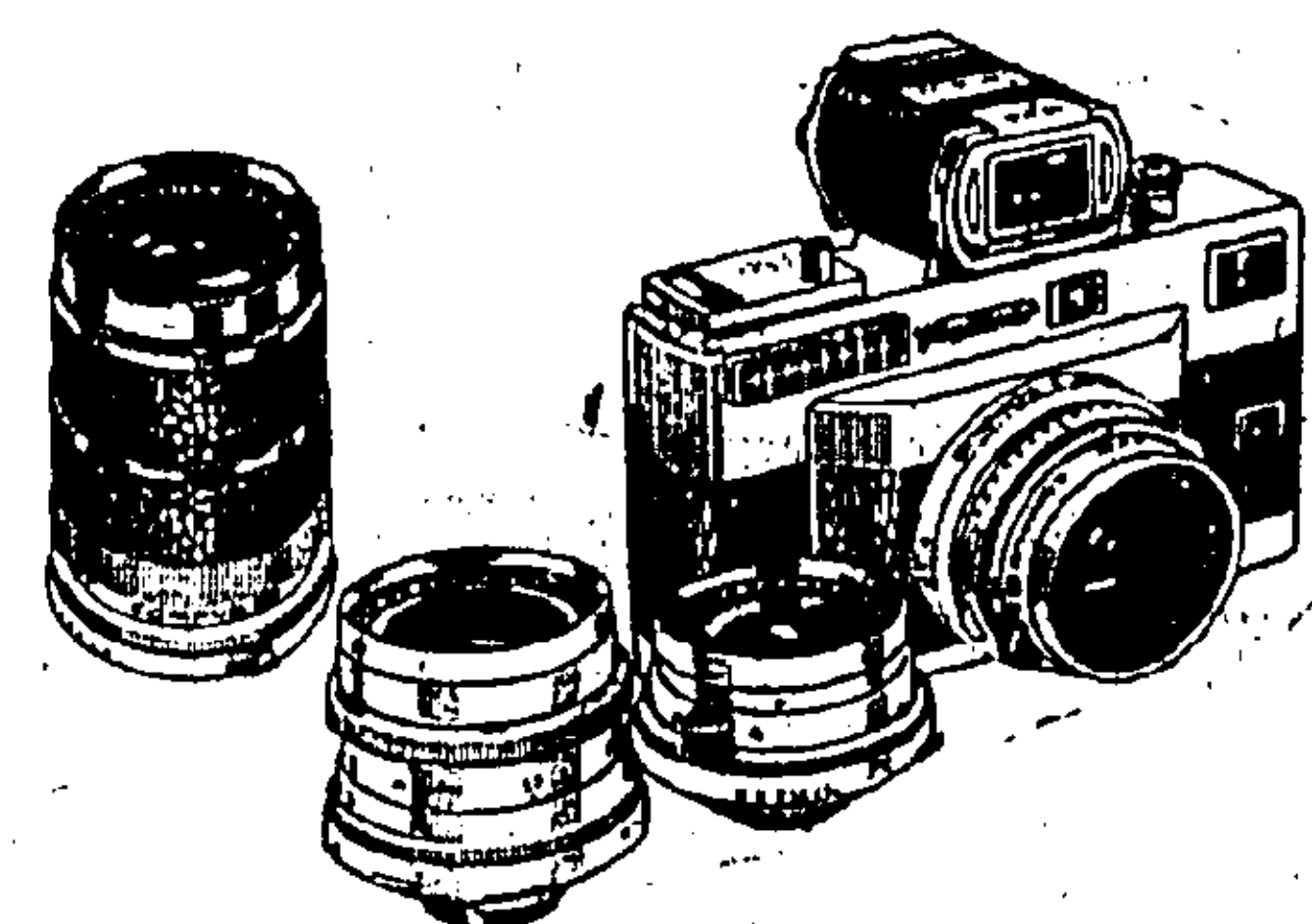
A new plan was devised to stage the race over a course between Sai Kung and Silver Strand Bay but once again they found themselves faced with insurmountable difficulties. The Authorities in the area did not give their approval to the project and so it has become necessary to postpone it indefinitely once again.

Guarantee Enough

There may be a temporary sense of disappointment in the present state of developments but the enviable reputation of the Hongkong Amateur Swimming Association... born in the determination and enthusiasm of its individual members... is guarantee enough that no stone will be left unturned to find a suitable course, to get the approval of the Authorities, and to stage what will be another milestone in the progress of Colony sport.

If a marathon swim can be staged in Hongkong be sure the HKASA will find ways and means of staging it. The project could not be in better hands.

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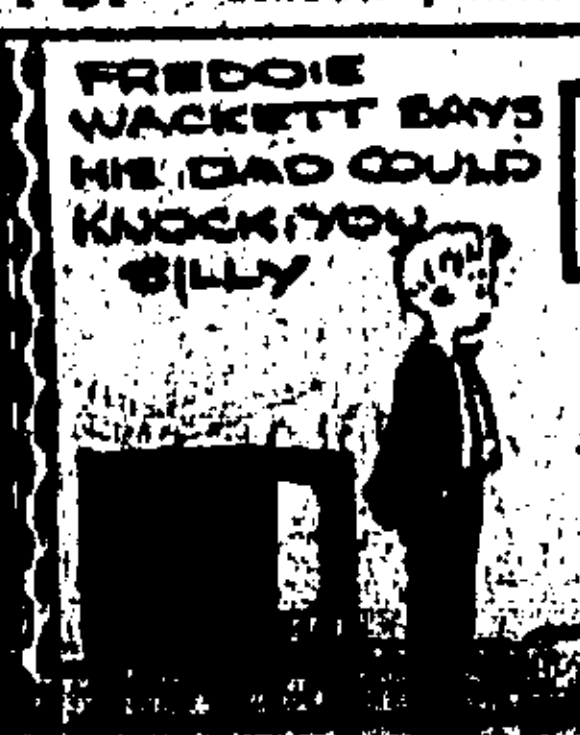
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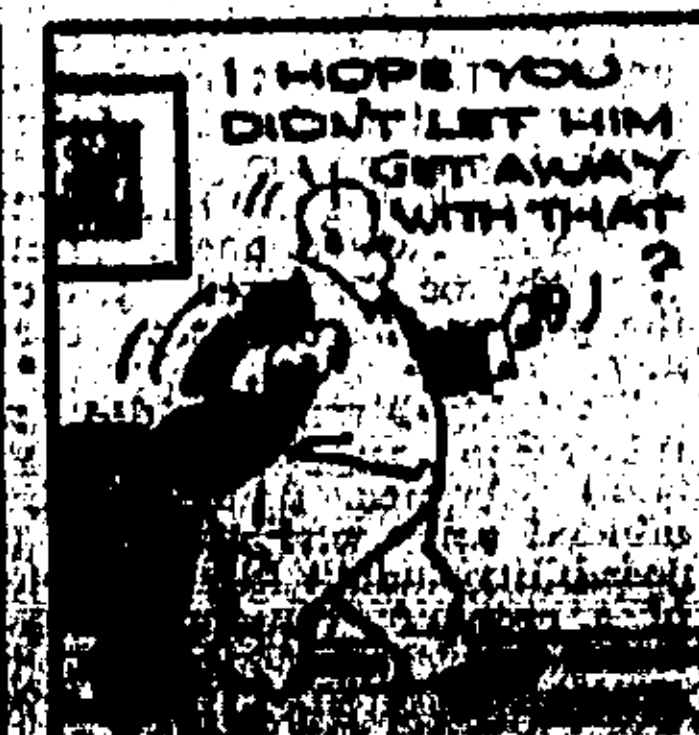
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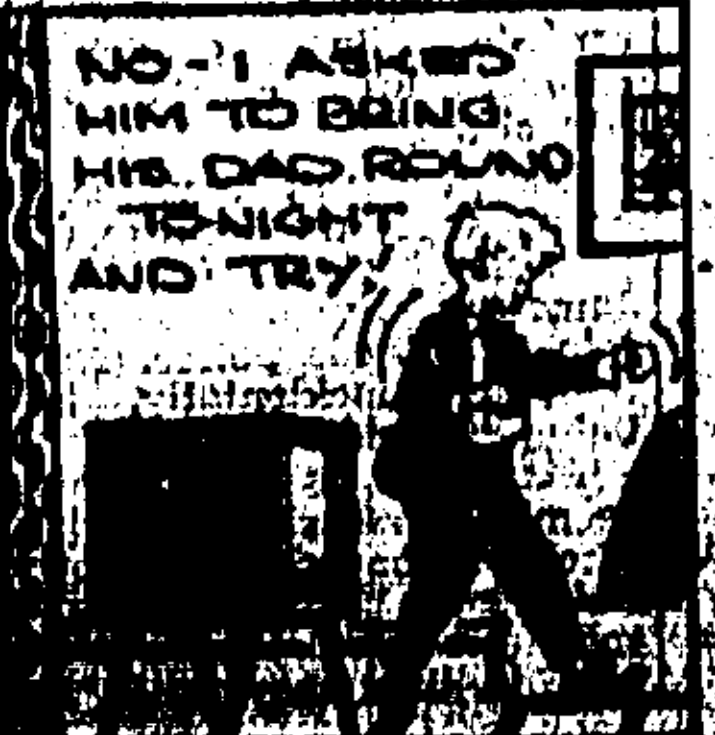
POP—Rabbit punch



I HOPE YOU DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT



NO—I ASKED HIM TO BRING HIS DAD ROUND TONIGHT AND TRY



By Gog



FLY SWISSAIR



ROSTRON: Humiliated England surrender the Ashes • MILLER: Series was too easy for the Australians

BLAME MAY, KID-GLOVE CAPTAIN

AUSTRALIA HAS REGAINED "THE ASHES" FROM ENGLAND BUT CONTROVERSY STILL RAGES AND WILL RAGE FOR SOME TIME TO COME OF THE WAY THE ENGLAND CAPTAIN, PETER MAY, HANDLED HIS TEAM, PARTICULARLY IN THE DECIDING FOURTH TEST MATCH AT ADELAIDE. HERE CHINA MAIL PRESENTS A CROSS SECTION OF OPINIONS EXPRESSED BY A FEW AUSTRALIAN AND ENGLISH SPORTS WRITERS.



Do-as-you-like rule splits up a TEAM of cricket champs

From FRANK ROSTON: Adelaide

I BLAME Peter May for the disastrous loss of the Ashes. A powerful England team has disintegrated into a haphazard collection of units because of May's "They're all grown-ups, let them look after themselves," attitude.

I am angry about the lack of support given to May by an unskilled management, and I find the men at Lord's, who agreed to the farcical system of making May only an on-the-field captain, guilty of failure to face realities.

But the ultimate responsibility for England's failure falls on May. He seemed to be developing authority and stature in England, but he has fallen for short in everything on this tour—except his personal batting.

May has been a good winning captain, with ready-made teams, but on this tour, he has failed completely to take a stand on any major issue and he has failed to rally a crumbling team.

Poor Peter, after this ill-fated trip, faces a long climb back to the top. He will start from rock-bottom, which is where England plunged when the Australians beat them with overwhelming ease by 10 wickets on a perfect pitch.

May admitted England's surrender by putting on chubby Colin Cowdrey to bowl long hops to Jimmy Burke and Les Favell, who hit off the winning runs in this comic ending.

A Sportsman

May was a sportsman to the end. He smiled resolutely as he retrieved the ball after Favell's winning boundary and then he flung it dejectedly amid a horde of souvenir-hunting small boys.

There was a set "good loser" smile on his slender face as he came sweating off the field... but what bitter disillusion he must have been masking.

His team's confidence, ability, and actual achievement have rotted since they began their top-of-the-world voyage from Tilbury less than five months ago.

May's team have had, perhaps, more than their fair share of dubious umpiring decisions and injuries, but no one could describe as exaggerated the 3-0 margin of superiority recorded by Australia after losing the toss in all four Tests.

Australian skipper Richie Benaud admitted that right until the final day of the first Test he and his players doubted their ability to beat holders of the Ashes advertised

as "the best team England have sent to Australia for 50 years."

Yet, in this Test, the Australians not only dismissed England twice with ease on a perfect batting wicket and nearly won by an innings, but were able to toy with May's team.

Benaud put on Ray Lindwall out of mere sentiment, so that popular Ray could have a chance of taking the two wickets needed to break Charlie Grimmett's Australian record of 216 Test victims.

Ray rent the sky with supremely optimistic appeals, but he did not get the wickets. And the sentimental experiment cost Australia runs and time.

But Benaud could take liberties safely and perhaps this demonstration of Aussie cockiness was hardest of all for English pride to bear.

It emphasised how far mighty May's men had fallen.

Week-End Softball

The Saints against South China AA tomorrow at 2.00 p.m. will be the game of the week.

By OLLY VAS

A victory for the latter means the play-off for the Senior league title between the Braves and the Saints while if the Saints win this highly important match they would still have to beat the Braves to top the honours.

South China are now out of contention but with Douglas Murray back in the side and with "Goose" Wong pitching so well these days they have the potential to upset the Joys.

Like Champions

On the other hand the Saints always play like champions when the odds are against them and when the pressure is greatest. A great battle is anticipated with the team getting the breaks as the eventual winners. A solitary run is enough to decide it. I pick the Chinese squad to come out on top by the barest of margins.

The fading Cheyennes and the U.S. Navy meet in the other Senior game, tomorrow morn-

ing and the tribals should have too much batting strength to go down to the sailors.

Four games are down for decision in the Junior league. This afternoon the Stardusts take on the Austers and should win without too much trouble. The Eagles have better all-round strength both in defence and at the plate.

But with two lowly sides who can really say which one will triumph?

On TV

For those of you who missed out on the thrilling Pakistan versus China international game a part of this encounter will be seen on TV on Sunday evening between 7-8 p.m. when the news of the week is on the screen.

The 9.30 a.m. game tomorrow features the Diamonds and

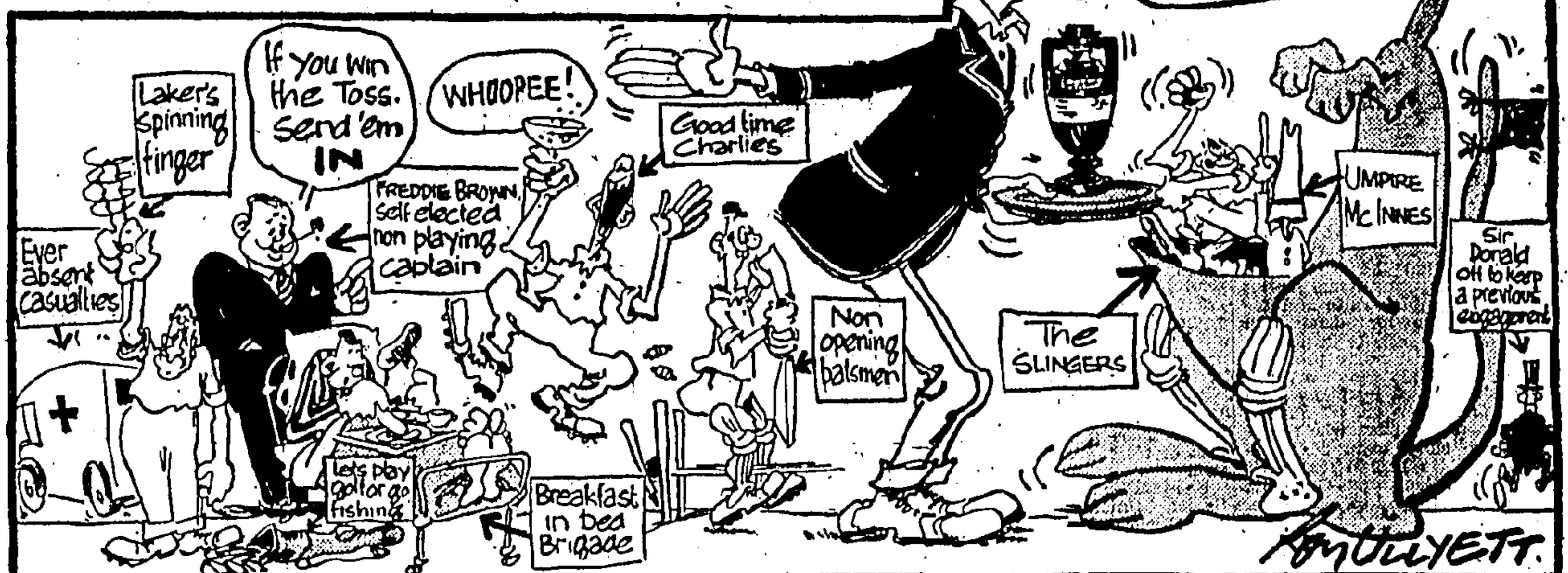
'It will do us no harm'

Big difference between the sides has been in the stars... I'd have liked to be less successful in the toss, although I'm sure we did right in this Test—if it was to be won. We have no excuses whatsoever. —PETER MAY.

Victory will be good for Australian cricket. Defeat will not harm us either. —RONNIE AIRD, M.C.C. secretary.

I congratulate the Australians. —GUBBY ALLEN, selectors' chairman.

Australia's side is the best I've played with... teamwork won the series. My worry was the batting, but it came through all right once we overcame our early fears of England's bowlers. Umpiring? The breaks go 50-50. —RICHIE BENAUD.



CRAMPS ATTACK BY EXCESSIVE CAUTION

By ALEX BANNISTER

The worst and most humiliating failure by an English overseas team of acknowledged strength and experience for many a decade has not only left Australia holding the Ashes but stripped England of cricket reputation.

Not at their most optimistic did Australia anticipate winning the series by the end of the fourth Test, with three victories and one draw.

Big Advantages

England blew up. Their confidence and performance steadily deteriorated. Australia went from strength to strength.

The series, which started with the chances rated 50-50 developed into a walk-over.

culminating in a rash gamble by May and a ten-wicket defeat.

Australia had four overwhelming advantages:

● A reliable opening pair in McDonald and Burke;

● Batting in length—down to number nine;

● Outstanding fielding, catching and running between the wickets;

● Team spirit which licked England's hollow.

Not once in eight innings have England totalled 300, nor, in the four matches, have they managed a first-innings lead.

If they were upset by throwers, as I believe they may have been they made a big mistake in not doing something about it early on. A number of the players were ready to take a stand as far back as Novem-

ber, but they were overruled. Once Australia started winning, an official bleat was impossible. The matter will be discussed in more formal surroundings.

In the first true test of his captaincy Peter May has not been an outstanding success. Often his still splendid attack flourished in spite of his ultra-cautious methods.

But he has retained his poise and dignity, often in the most difficult and trying circum-

stances. To the end, he has boxed cleverly side-stepping some awkward situations.

When Australia had won, Peter was being pestered by an Australian correspondent to admit that England had twice protested against umpire Mel McInnes.

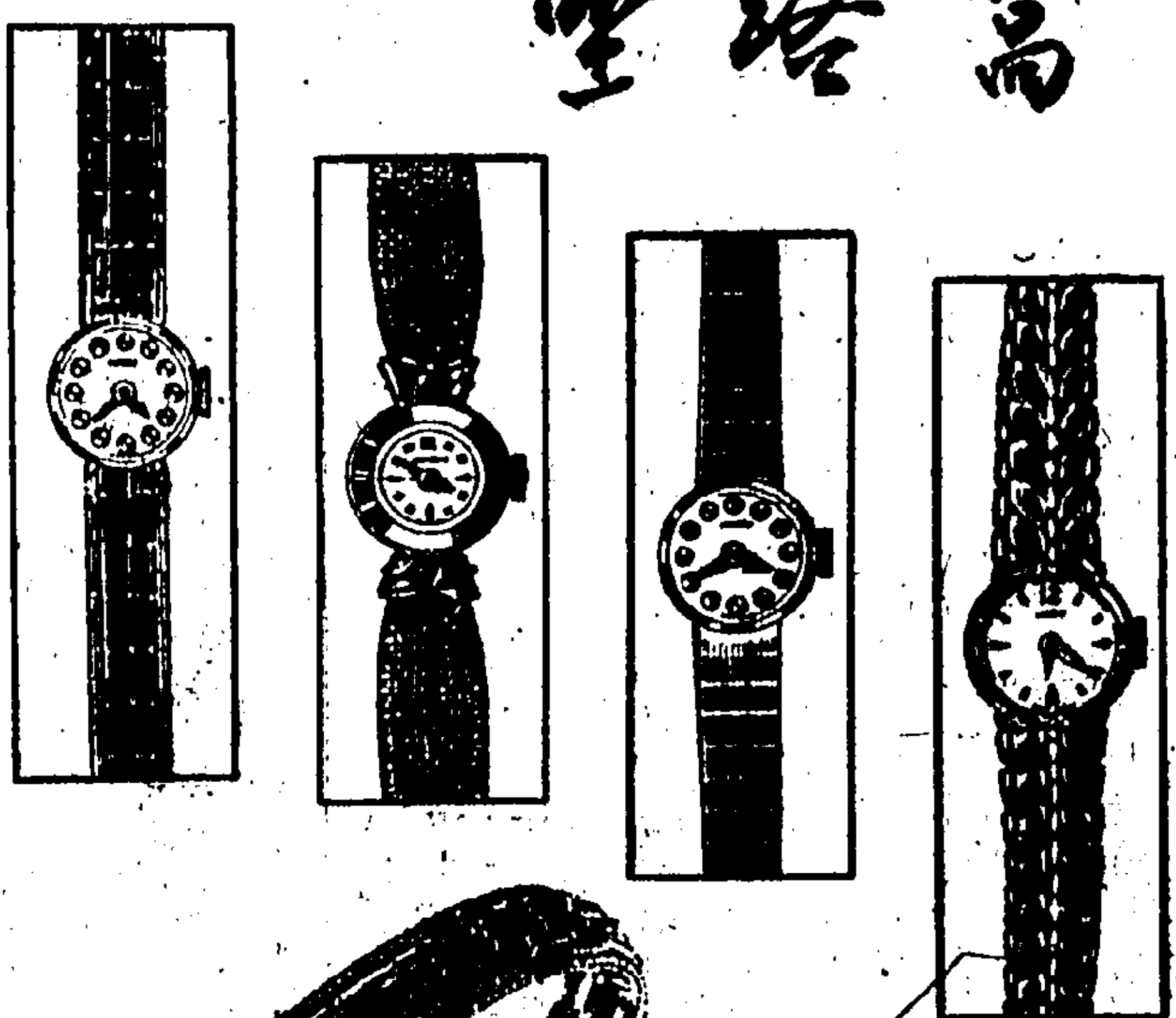
"Have you been satisfied with the umpiring in this match—the fourth Test?" he was asked. The reply was: "Umpiring is a difficult job at any time. We have no excuses over the series."

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THE GAMBOLS... By Barry Appleby



GAS FOR JOY



Mrs Roosevelt Aims To Visit China

Rossellini Will Sue If Necessary

Paris, Feb. 13. Roberto Rossellini served notice today that he is through with denying sensational stories about his private life and intends to sue for defamation whenever he feels it justified.

The Italian movie producer let loose a blast to this effect when he arrived by plane from Rome this afternoon. It was his reaction to reporters who thrust a scandal story about his relations with the Indian producer's wife Sonali Das Gupta under his nose as he stepped off the plane.—U.P.I.

Topeka, Kan., Feb. 13. Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt, 74-year-old world traveller, said today she is not ready to slow down yet — "I'd like to visit China."

The former first lady of the United States gave a public address here last night on the subject "Russia, the country and the people as I saw them."

"I want to go to China because I fear it most," she said. "I'm always afraid of things that I know nothing about."

On the subject of foreign policy, Mrs Roosevelt said: "We'd better learn about the world. You can't lead if you don't know the people you're trying to lead."

No War

In her address she said Russia will not force a "hot" war because it fears the prospect of total nuclear annihilation.

She said this did not mean the Soviet Union would end the "cold" war.



Mrs Roosevelt
"I fear China."

Instead of warfare, she said, "Russia is carrying out a well-calculated plan of courting the uncommitted nations to win them over to Communism."

But, she added, Russian Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev told her he believes war is "unthinkable."

"Khrushchev told me that Russia could in one day destroy the whole of Europe and Great Britain. But unless he could destroy the world and not have any resistance he wouldn't be able to gain anything from war."—U.P.I.

Dawn Fraser Sets Record

Hobart, Feb. 13. Dawn Fraser of Australia warming up for a Saturday swimming clash with Sylvia Ruuska of Berkeley, California, set a national record of two minutes 48.4 seconds to-night while leading the qualifiers in the women's 225-yard individual medley at the Australian championships.

Miss Fraser, Olympic champion and world record holder for 110 and 220 yards freestyle, will meet Miss Ruuska in Saturday's final.

Sylvia, holder of the world records for the 440-yard medley and 220-yard butterfly, qualified automatically for the final and did not have to swim today.

Scratched

Miss Fraser scratched from the 440-yard freestyle to concentrate on the medley.

Ilsa Konrads led the qualifiers in the 440-yard freestyle with a clocking of five minutes, 08.6 seconds. Chris von Saltza of Santa Clara, California, who is touring Australia, qualified automatically for Saturday's final.

Miss Von Saltza will face a formidable task in this event. Don Talbot, Ilsa's coach, said he was confident she would set world records for both 400 metres and 440 yards in the final.—U.P.I.

All-Australian Tennis Final

Adelaide, Feb. 13. Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall of Australia, reached the final of the professional lawn tennis tournament here today.

Hoad gave a great display of power tennis to beat Tony Trabert (United States) 6-3, 6-3. Rosewall defeated his fellow-countryman Frank Sedgman 4-6, 10-8, 6-1.—Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

LINCOLN - VALENTINE REBUS:
Nancy: Hanks; Lacy: Log cabin; Sweetheart.

CRC 18 WORD:



WACKY COMPASS: Send a Valentine to your loved one this month.

MIRROR WORK: Twelfth President: Saint Valentine; Stephen Douglas: Lovers.

TRIANGLE:
FEBRUARY
ERRANDS
LINES
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YS

Milk Bottle Hoarder: 1,200 Found

Bristol, Feb. 13. About 1,200 milk bottles have been removed from a house where an elderly spinster who lived alone recently died.

They were found on beds, in cupboards, in the living room, the scullery and the coal house, in sacks, a tin trunk, a tea chest.

"I've never seen anything like it," Mr S. Pointing, local manager of Milk Vessels Recovery, Limited, said.

"There were bottles everywhere, smelly and dirt-covered."

A neighbour said: "She would never answer the door to callers and would speak to no one. She was a very strange person."—China Mail Special.

No Sabotage

Stockholm, Feb. 13. No sabotage was involved in the engine trouble that forced a DC-7 airliner carrying Soviet first Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan to land in Newfoundland on January 20, the Swedish Civil Aviation Board said tonight.—U.P.I.

HK KEY POINT ON NEW JET WORLD ROUTE

London, Feb. 13. The British Overseas Airways Corporation will open the first round-the-world jet airliner service at the beginning of April, it was announced today.

Do Havilland Comet jet aircraft will fly eastwards from London to Hongkong and Tokyo, Bristol Britannia-312 jet-prop. airliners will fly westwards from London across the Atlantic and over the United States and the Pacific to the same destinations.

When these jet services come into operation, the BOAC stated, it will be possible to fly round the world in three days, 14 hours and 50 minutes.

The Comets will fly from London to Hongkong and Tokyo, on several routings, serving between them Frankfurt, Zurich, Beirut, Tehran, Karachi, Delhi, Calcutta, Rangoon and Bangkok.

The Britannia route from London will be through New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, Wake Island and Tokyo to Hongkong.—France-Press.

Diamonds Found In Thames Valley

Reading, Feb. 13. Student geologists at Reading University were reported today to have found a natural source of diamonds in the valley of the river Thames.

Silvers of crystal were discovered by the students during routine gravel washings and are being studied in close secrecy, said Miss P. A. Warner, University geology lecturer.

She believed they were there naturally and had not been planted.

The diamonds found so far were not of "jewel quality," Miss Warner stated.

There was no definite evidence that there was any large quantity in the river—and the students were refusing to say where they made the find.—China Mail Special.

Invitation For Pasternak To Lecture In The West

Paris, Feb. 13. A Spanish novelist and his British wife expect to leave here next Wednesday for Moscow, where they will ask Boris Pasternak, Russian poet and author of "Doctor Zhivago," to make a lecture tour of Europe and the United States.

They are Senor Jose-Luis de Villalonga and the former Princeton Scott-Elisabeth sister of Lord Howard de Walden.

Mme de Villalonga told Reuter tonight that her husband had been in communication with Boris Pasternak already.

She said they would discuss with Pasternak the possibility of his coming to lecture on Russian literature in the West.

ASSURANCE
She added: "We have been assured that such a tour would bring in about a million dollars."

"Pasternak had spoken of the possibility of using this money to establish in Switzerland a foundation for young and needy writers from all over the world, to be called the "Pasternak Foundation," she said.—Reuter.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. Test Cricket; 11.30, The Moonstone; 2—The Shadow Longfellow; 12 Noon, Time; 12.30, p.m., Three Men On A Horse; 1, Keyboard Capers; 1.30, Weather Report, News and Special Announcements; 1.30, Melancholy Selections; 2, Saturday Requiem—presented by Nick Kendall; 3, Year By Year; 3.30, Commentary on Peace Memorial Cup Race; 4, Test Cricket; 4.30, John Diamond—Adventure; 4.30, Rhythmic Parade; 5, Unit Requests presented by Audrey; 6, Birthday Mailbag; 6.30, Melody Magic; 6.30, Meet The Stars—Casey, Lizzy Miller; 7, Time Signal and News; 7.30, Weather Forecast, Announcements and Interlude; 7.30, First Time; 7.30, Dig It A Day Show; Draw of this week's lucky number and testing of last week's winner; 8, Jazz; 8.30, Where You Find It—by Nick Demuth; 8.30, Voice Of Sport; 9, Top Tunes Of The Week; 9.30, Music From Maxima—France Trombetta Quartet; Host: Nick Kendall; 10, The Old Man Says NO—A Comedy (final episode); 10.30, Dance Party—Host: Ray Cordell; 11, Stop Press; 11.30, Dance Party; 11.30, Musical Interlude; 11.40, Rugby Union Foot-ball—Ireland v. England; 12.35 a.m., Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Highway Patrol; 2.25, Eddie Cantor Show; 2.50, Cantorcore Feature: "Nothing To Lose" (Part I); 3.30, Horse Racing; Commentator: John Pearce; 3.40, "Nothing To Lose" (Part II); 4.40, Tugboat Annie; 5, Children's Hour; Cartoons; 5.15, Puppets On A Stick; 5.30, Taz Rangers; 6, Close Down; 7.30, Saturday Variety Show; Viewers can see another Digit-A-Day lucky number holder trying for \$1,000 cash prize. This week's draw being made: 8, Elderly Queen; 8.30, Bob Cummings Show; 9, Newsworld; 9.15, Suite; 9.40, Feature: Belle Davis; 10, Errol Flynn; Vincent Price; Olivia De Havilland in "Elizabeth The Queen"; 11, Late Night Final.

"Unbecoming"

Rome, Feb. 13. The president of the right-wing Italian National Association, Signor Vincenzo Caputo, said today that a marriage between the Shah of Persia and Princess Maria Gabriella, daughter of ex-King Umberto of Italy, would be "unbecoming."—China Mail Special.



EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES in the COLONY and the FAR EAST

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANK HONGKONG (TRUSTEE) LIMITED

The Trustee Company of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Hong Kong.

NOTICE

THE HONGKONG ELECTRIC COMPANY, LIMITED

Notice to Shareholders

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Sixty-sixth Annual General Meeting of the Members of the Company will be held on Thursday, the 12th day of March, 1959, at 11 a.m. at the Company's Registered Office, 4th Floor, P. & O. Building, for the transaction of the business of an Ordinary General Meeting including the following:—

- (1) To receive and consider the Reports of the Directors and of the Auditors, and the Profit and Loss Account for the year ended 31st December 1958, and the Balance Sheet as at that date.
- (2) To approve the Dividend.
- (3) To elect Directors.
- (4) To appoint Auditors.

The Register of Members will be closed from Monday, the 2nd of March, to Thursday, the 12th of March, 1959, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
F. H. FELL,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 12th Feb., 1959.

HONGKONG SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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NOTICE

THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION

Extraordinary General Meeting

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Corporation will be held at the Head Office of the Corporation, 1, Queen's Road Central, Hong Kong, on 18th February, 1959 at 12.30 p.m., when the subjoined Resolution will be submitted as an Ordinary Resolution.

"That pursuant to Section 7 (2) of The Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation Ordinance the capital of the Corporation be increased from fifty million dollars to one hundred million dollars by the creation of four hundred thousand new shares of one hundred and twenty five dollars each."

By Order of the Board,
MICHAEL W. TURNER,
Chief Manager.

Hong Kong, 23rd Jan., 1959.

CHURCH NOTICE

ST. PETER'S CHURCH The Mission to Seamen 40 Gloucester Road, Tel. 7481

8.30 a.m. Holy Communion, 7.20 p.m. Evening.

(Other Services arranged at any time by request.)

H.K.S.P.C.

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Please address communications to: Secretary, Hong Kong Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, P. & O. Building, Hong Kong.

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Mr. R. A. de Rome, Hon. Treasurer, c/o Hong Kong Electric Co., Ltd., P. & O. Building, Hong Kong.